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# THE PISAN CANTOS

By  
EZRA POUND

★

*Poetry*

A DRAFT OF XXX CANTOS  
A DRAFT OF CANTOS XXXI-XLI  
THE FIFTH DECAD OF CANTOS  
CANTOS LII-LXXI  
SELECTED POEMS

*(edited with an introduction by T. S. Eliot)*

★

*[in preparation, in one volume]*

CANTOS I-LXXI

★

*Prose*

MAKE IT NEW

EZRA POUND

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THE  
PISAN  
CANTOS

. FABER AND FABER  
LONDON

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T

LXXIV

The enormous tragedy of the dream in the peasant's  
bent shoulders

Manes! Manes was tanned and stuffed,

Thus Ben and la Clara *a Milano*

by the heels at Milano

That maggots shd/ eat the dead bullock

DIGENES, διγενές, but the twice crucified

where in history will you find it?

yet say this to the Possum: a bang, not a whimper,

with a bang not with a whimper,

To build the city of Dioce whose terraces are the colour of

stars.

The suave eyes, quiet, not scornful,

rain also is of the process.

What you depart from is not the way

and olive tree blown white in the wind

washed in the Kiang and Han

what whiteness will you add to this whiteness,

what candour?

'the great periplum brings in the stars to our shore.'

You who have passed the pillars and outward from Herakles

when Lucifer fell in N. Carolina.

if the suave air give way to scirocco

ΟΥ ΤΙΣ, ΟΥ ΤΙΣ? Odysseus

the name of my family.

the wind also is of the process,

sorella la luna

Fear god and the stupidity of the populace,

but a precise definition



transmitted thus Sigismundo  
thus Duccio, thus Zuan Bellin, or trastevere with La Sposa  
Sponsa Cristi in mosaic till our time / deification of emperors  
but a snotty barbarian ignorant of T'ang history need not  
deceive one

nor Charlie Sung's money on loan from anonimo  
that is, we suppose Charlie had some  
and in India the rate down to 18 per hundred  
but the local loan lice provided from imported bankers  
so the total interest sweated out of the Indian farmers  
rose in Churchillian grandeur  
as when, and plus when, he returned to the putrid gold  
standard

as was about 1925 Oh my England  
that free speech without free radio speech is as zero  
and but one point needed for Stalin  
you need not, i.e. need not take over the means of production;  
money to signify work done, inside a system  
and measured and wanted

'I have not done unnecessary manual labour'  
says the R. C. chaplain's field book  
(preparation before confession)  
squawky as larks over the death cells  
militarism progressing westward

im Westen nichts neues  
and the Constitution in jeopardy  
and that state of things not very new either  
'of sapphire, for this stone giveth sleep'  
not words whereto to be faithful

nor deeds that they be resolute  
only that bird-hearted equity make timber  
and lay hold of the earth

and Rouse found they spoke of Elias  
in telling the tales of Odysseus

ΟΥ ΤΙΣ

ΟΥ ΤΙΣ

‘I am noman, my name is noman’  
but Wanjina is, shall we say, Ouan Jin  
or the man with an education

and whose mouth was removed by his father  
because he made too many *things*

whereby cluttered the bushman’s baggage  
vide the expedition of Frobenius’ pupils about 1938

to Auss ’ralia

Ouan Jin spoke and thereby created the named  
thereby making clutter

the bane of men moving  
and so his mouth was removed  
as you will find it removed in his pictures

in principio verbum

paraclete or the verbum perfectum: sinceritas

from the death cells in sight of Mt Taishan @ Pisa

as Fujiyama at Gardone

when the cat walked the top bar of the railing

and the water was still on the West side

flowing toward the Villa Catullo

where with sound ever moving

in diminutive poluphloisboies

in the stillness outlasting all wars

‘La Donna’ said Nicoletti

‘la donna,

la donna!’

‘Cosa deve continuare?’

‘Se casco’ said Bianca Capello

‘non casco in ginnocchion’

and with one day's reading a man may have the key in his  
hands

Lute of Gassir. Hooo Fasa  
came a lion-coloured pup bringing fleas  
and a bird with white markings, a stepper  
under *les six potences*

Absouldre, que tous nous veuil absoudre  
lay there Barabbas and two thieves lay beside him  
infantile synthesis in Barabbas  
minus Hemingway, minus Antheil, ebullient  
and by name Thos. Wilson  
Mr K. said nothing foolish, the whole month nothing foolish :  
“ if we weren't dumb, we wouldn't be here ”  
and the Lane gang.

Butterflies, mint and Lesbia's sparrows,  
the voiceless with bumm drum and banners,  
and the ideogram of the guard roosts

el triste pensier si volge  
ad Ussel. A Ventadour  
va il consire, el tempo rivoige  
and at Limoges the young salesman  
bowed with such french politeness “ No, that is impossible.”

I have forgotten which city  
But the caverns are less enchanting to the unskilled explorer  
than the Urochs as shown on the postals,  
we will see those old roads again, question,  
possibly

but nothing appears much less likely,  
Mme Pujol,  
and there was a smell of mint under the tent flaps  
especially after the rain  
and a white ox on the road toward Pisa

as if facing the tower,  
dark sheep in the drill field and on wet days were clouds  
in the mountain as if under the guard roosts.

A lizard upheld me  
the wild birds wd not eat the white bread  
from Mt Taishan to the sunset

From Carrara stone to the tower  
and this day the air was made open  
for Kuanon of all delights,  
Linus, Cletus, Clement

whose prayers,  
the great scarab is bowed at the altar  
the green light gleams in his shell  
plowed in the sacred field and unwound the silk worms early  
in tensile

in the light of light is the *virtù*  
“sunt lumina” said Erigena Scotus  
as of Shun on Mt Taishan

and in the hall of the forebears

as from the beginning of wonders  
the paraclete that was present in Yao, the precision  
in Shun the compassionate  
in Yu the guider of waters

4 giants at the 4 corners  
three young men at the door  
and they digged a ditch round about me  
lest the damp gnaw thru my bones  
to redeem Zion with justice  
sd/Isaiah. Not out on interest said David rex  
Light tensile immaculata

the sun's cord unspotted

明

“sunt lumina” said the Oirishman to King Carolus,

“OMNIA,

all things that are are lights”

and they dug him up out of sepulture

soi disantly looking for Manichaeans.

Les Albigeois, a problem of history,

and the fleet at Salamis made with money lent by the state to

•

the shipwrights

•                   Tempus tacendi, tempus loquendi.

Never inside the country to raise the standard of living

but always abroad to increase the profits of usurers,

•

dixit Lenin,

and gun sales lead to more gun sales

they do not clutter the market for gunnery

•     there is no saturation

Pisa, in the 23rd year of the effort in sight of the tower

and Till was hung yesterday

for murder and rape with trimmings   plus Cholkis

plus mythology, thought he was Zeus ram or another one

Hey Snag wots in the bibl’?

wot are the books ov the bible?

Name ’em, don’t bullshit ME.

莫

ΟΥ ΤΙΣ

a man on whom the sun has gone down

the ewe, he said had such a pretty look in her eyes;

and the nymph of the Hagoromo came to me,

as a corona of angels

one day were clouds banked on Taishan

or in glory of sunset

and tovarish blessed without aim

wept in the rainditch at evening

Sunt lumina  
that the drama is wholly subjective  
stone knowing the form which the carver imparts it  
the stone knows the form  
sia Cythera, sia Ixotta, sia in Santa Maria dei Miracoli  
where Pietro Romano has fashioned the bases  
OY TIS

a man on whom the sun has gone down  
nor shall diamond die in the avalanche  
be it torn from its setting  
first must destroy himself ere others destroy him.  
4 times was the city rebuilt, Hooo Fasa  
Gassir, Hooo Fasa dell' Italia tradita  
now in the mind indestructible, Gassir, Hoooo Fasa,  
With the four giants at the four corners  
and four gates mid-wall Hooo Fasa  
and a terrace the colour of stars  
pale as the dawn cloud, la luna  
thin as Demeter's hair  
Hooo Fasa, and in a dance the renewal  
with two larks in contrappunto  
at sunset  
ch'intenerisce

a sinistra la Torre  
seen through a pair of breeches.  
*Che sublia es laissa cader*  
between NEKUIA where are Alcmene and Tyro  
and the Charybdis of action  
to the solitude of Mt Taishan  
femina, femina, that wd/ not be dragged into paradise by the hair,  
under the grey cliff in periplum  
the sun dragging her stars

a man on whom the sun has gone down  
and the wind came as hamadryas under the sun-beat  
Vai soli

are never alone  
amid the slaves learning slavery  
and the dull driven back toward the jungle  
are never alone 'HΛION ΠΕΡΙHΛION  
• as the light sucks up vapour  
• and the tides follow Lucina  
that had been a hard man in some ways  
a day as a thousand years  
as the leopard sat by his water dish;  
• haet killed the urochs and the bison sd/ Bunting  
doing six months after that war was over  
as pacifist tempted with chicken but declined to approve  
of war 'Redimiculum Metellorum'

privately printed  
to the shame of various critics  
nevertheless the state can lend money  
and the fleet that went out to Salamis  
was built by state loan to the builders  
hence the attack on classical studies  
and in this war were Joe Gould, Bunting and cummings  
as against thickness and fatness

black that die in captivity  
night green of his pupil, as grape flesh and sea wave  
undying luminous and translucent

Est consummatum, Ite;

surrounded by herds and by cohorts looked on Mt Taishan

but in Tangier I saw from dead straw ignition

From a snake bite

fire came to the straw

from the fakir blowing

foul straw and an arm-long snake

that bit the tongue of the fakir making small holes

and from the blood of the holes

came fire when he stuffed the straw into his mouth

dirty straw that he took from the roadway

first smoke and then the dull flame

that wd/ have been in the time of Rais Uli

when I rode out to Elson's

near the villa of Perdicaris

or four years before that

elemental he thought the souls of the children, if any,

but had rented a shelter for travellers

by foot from Siria, some of them

nor is it for nothing that the chrysalids mate in the air

colour di luce

green splendour and as the sun through pale fingers

Lordly men are to earth o'ergiven

these the companions:

Fordie that wrote of giants

and William who dreamed of nobility

and Jim the comedian singing:

'Blarrney castle me darlin'

you're nothing now but a StOWne'

and Plarr talking of mathematics

or Jepson lover of jade

Maurie who wrote historical novels

and Newbolt who looked twice bathed

are to earth o'ergiven.



And this day the sun was clouded  
—‘You sit stiller’ said Kokka  
‘if whenever you move something jangles.’  
and the old Marchesa remembered a reception in Petersburg  
and Kokka thought there might be some society (good) left in  
Spain, wd. he care to frequent it, my god, no!  
opinion in 1924

Sirdar, Bouiller and Les Lilas,

or Dieudonné London, or Voisin’s,  
Uncle George stood like a statesman ‘PEI ΠANTA  
fills up every hollow

the cake shops in the Nevsky, and Schöners  
not to mention der Greif at Bolsano la patronne getting older  
Mouquin’s or Robert’s 40 years after

and La Marquise de Pierre had never before met an  
American

‘and all their generation’

no it is not in that chorus

Huddy going out and taller than anyone present

où sont les heures of that year

Mr James shielding himself with Mrs Hawkesby  
as it were a bowl shielding itself with a walking-stick  
as he manoeuvred his way toward the door  
Said Mr Adams, of the education,

Teach? at Harvard?

Teach? It cannot be done.

and this I had from the monument

Haec sunt fastae

Under Taishan quatorze Juillet

with the hill ablaze north of Taishan

and Amber Rives is dead, the end of that chapter

see Time for June 25th,



and from her manner of walking  
as had Anchises  
till the shrine be again white with marble  
till the stone eyes look again seaward  
The wind is part of the process  
The rain is part of the process  
and the Pleiades set in her mirror  
Kuanon, this stone bringeth sleep;  
offered the wine bowl  
grass nowhere out of place  
χθόνια γέα, Μάτηρ,  
by thy herbs menthe, thyme and basilicum,  
from whom and to whom,  
will never be more now than at present  
being given a new green katydid of a Sunday  
emerald, paler than emerald,  
minus its right propeller  
this tent is to me and ΤΙΘΩΝΩΙ  
eater of grape pulp  
in coitu inluminatio  
Manet painted the bar at La Cigale or at Les Folies in that year  
she did her hair in small ringlets, à la 1880 it might have  
been,  
red, and the dress she wore Drecol or Lanvin  
a great goddess, Aeneas knew her forthwith  
by paint immortal as no other age is immortal  
la France dixneuvième  
Degas Manet Guys unforgettable  
a great brute sweating paint said Vanderpyl 40 years later  
of Vlaminck

and eucalyptus that is for memory  
 under the olives, by cypress, mare Tirreno,  
 Past Malmaison in field by the river the tables  
 Sirdar, Armenonville  
 Or at Ventadour the keys of the chateau;  
 rain, Ussel,  
 To the left of la bella Torre the tower of Ugolino  
 in the tower to the left of the tower  
 chewed his son's head  
 and the only people who did anything of any interest were H.,  
 M. and  
 Frobenius der Geheimrat  
 der im Baluba das Gewitter gemacht hat  
 and Monsieur Jean wrote a play now and then or the  
 Possum  
 pouverette et ancienne oncques lettre ne lus  
 I don't know how humanity stands it  
 with a painted paradise at the end of it  
 without a painted paradise at the end of it  
 the dwarf morning-glory twines round the grass blade  
 magna NUX animae with Barabbas and 2 thieves beside me,  
 the wards like a slave ship,  
 Mr Edwards, Hudson, Henry comes *miseriae*  
 Comites Kernes, Green and Tom Wilson  
 God's messenger Whiteside  
 and the guards op/ of the . . .  
 was lower than that of the prisoners  
 'all them g.d. m.f. generals c.s. all of 'em fascists'  
 'fer a bag o' Dukes'  
 'the things I saye an' dooo'  
 ac ego in harum  
 so lay men in Circe's swine-sty;

ivi in harum *ego* ac vidi cadaveres animae  
 ‘c’mon small fry’ sd/ the little coon to the big black;  
 of the slaver as seen between decks  
 and all the presidents  
 Washington Adams Monroe Polk Tyler  
 plus Carrol (of Carrolton) Crawford  
 Robbing the public for private individual’s gain ΘΕΛΓΕΙΝ  
 every bank of discount is downright iniquity  
 robbing the public for private individual’s gain  
 nec benecomata Kirkê, mah! κακὰ φάργ᾽ακ’ ἔδωκεν  
 neither with lions nor leopards attended  
 but poison, veleno  
 in all the veins of the commonweal  
 if on high, will flow downward all through them  
 if on the forge at Predappio? sd/ old Upward:  
 ‘not the priest but the victim’  
 his seal Sitalkas, sd/ the old combatant: ‘victim,  
 withstood them by Thames and by Niger with pistol by Niger  
 with a printing press by the Thames bank’  
 until I end my song  
 and shot himself;  
 for praise of intaglios  
 Matteo and Pisanello out of Babylon  
 they are left us  
 for roll or plain impact  
 or cut square in the jade block

nox animae magna from the tent under Taishan  
 amid what was termed the a.h. of the army  
 the guards holding opinion. As it were to dream of  
 morticians’ daughters raddled but amorous  
 To study with the white wings of time passing

is not that our delight  
 to have friends come from far countries  
 is not that pleasure  
 nor to care that we are untrumpeted?  
 filial, fraternal affection is the root of humaneness  
 the root of the process  
 nor are elaborate speeches and slick alacrity.  
 employ men in proper season  
 not when they are at harvest  
 E al Triedro, Cunizza  
 e l'altra: 'Io son' la Luna.'  
 dry friable earth going from dust to more dust  
 grass worn from its root-hold  
 is it blacker? was it blacker? Νύξ animae?  
 is there a blacker or was it merely San Juan with a belly ache  
 writing ad posteros  
 in short shall we look for a deeper or is this the bottom?  
 Ugolino, the tower there on the tree line  
 Berlin        dysentery        phosphorus  
 la vieille de Candide  
 (Hullo Corporal Casey) double X or bureaucracy?  
 Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel  
 but spezzato apparently  
 it exists only in fragments unexpected excellent sausage,  
 the smell of mint, for example,  
 Ladro the night cat;  
 at Nemi waited on the slope above the lake sunken in the  
 pocket of hills  
 awaiting decision from the old lunch cabin built out over the  
 shingle,  
 Zarathustra, now desuete  
 to Jupiter and to Hermes where now is the castellaro

no vestige save in the air  
in stone is no imprint and the grey walls of no era  
under the olives

saeculorum Athenae

γλαυξ, γλαυκῶπις.

olivi

that which gleams and then does not gleam

as the leaf turns in the air

Boreas Apeliota libeccio

'C'è il babao,' said the young mother

and the bathers like small birds under hawk's eye

shrank back under the cliff's edge at il Pozzetto

al Tigullio

'wd.' said the guard 'take everyone of them g.d.m.f. generals

c.s., all of 'em fascists'

Oedipus, nepotes Remi magnanimi

so Mr Bullington lay on his back like an ape

singing: O sweet and lovely

o Lady be good'

in harum ac ego ivi

Criminals have no intellectual interests?

and for three months did not know the taste of his food

in Chi heard Shun's music

the sharp song with sun under its radiance

λιγύρ'

one tanka entitled the shadow

babao, or the hawk's wing

of no fortune and with a name to come

Is downright iniquity said J. Adams

at 35 instead of 21.65

doubtless conditioned by what his father heard in

Byzantium

doubtless conditioned by the spawn of the gt. Meyer Anselm  
That old H. had heard from the ass-cared militarist in

Byzantium:

‘Why stop?’ ‘To begin again when we are stronger.’  
and young H/ the tip from the augean stables in Paris ,  
with Sieff in attendance, or not  
as the case may have been,

thus conditioning.

Meyer Anselm, a rromance, yes, yes certainly  
but more fool you if you fall for it two centuries later

...

from their seats the blond bastards, and cast 'em.

the yidd is a stimulant, and the goyim are cattle  
in gt/ proportion and go to saleable slaughter  
with the maximum of docility. but if

a place be versalzen,..?

With justice,

by the law, from the law or it is not in the contract

Yu has nothing pinned on Jehoveh

sent and named Shun who to the

autumnal heavens *sha-o*

with the sun under its melody

to the compassionate heavens

and there is also the XIXth Leviticus.

‘Thou shalt purchase the field with money.’

signed Jeremiah

from the tower of Hananel unto Goah

unto the horse gate \$8.50 in Anatoth

which is in Benjamin, \$8.67

For the purity of the air on Chocorua  
in a land of maple

From the law, by the law, so build yr/ temple



with justice in meteyard and measure  
a black delicate hand  
a white's hand like a ham

pass by, seen under the tent-flap

on sick call: comman'

comman', sick call comman'

and the two largest rackets are the alternation

of the value of money

(of the unit of money METATHEMENON TE TON  
KRUMENON

and usury @ 60 or lending

that which is made out of nothing

and the state *can* lend money as was done

by Athens for the building of the Salamis fleet

and if the packet gets lost in transit

ask . . .

where it has got to the state need not borrow

nor do the veterans need state guarantees

for private usurious lending

in fact that is the cat in the woodshed

the state need not borrow

as was shown by the mayor of Wörgl

who had a milk route

and whose wife sold shirts and short breeches

and on whose book-shelf was the Life of Henry Ford

and also a copy of the Divina Commedia

and of the Gedichte of Heine

a nice little town in the Tyrol in a wide flat-lying valley  
near Innsbruck and when a note of the

small town of Wörgl went over

a counter in Innsbruck

and the banker saw it go over

all the slobs in Europe were terrified  
 'no one' said the Frau Burgomeister  
 'in this village who cd/ write a newspaper article.  
 Knew it was money but pretended it was not  
 in order to be on the safe side of the law'.  
 But in Russia they bungled and did not apparently  
 grasp the idea of work-certificate  
 and started the N.E.P. with disaster  
 and the immolation of men to machinery  
     and the canal work and gt/ mortality  
         (which is as may be)  
 and went in for dumping in order to trouble the waters  
                     in the usurers' hell-a-dice  
 all of which leads to the death-cells  
 each in the name of its god  
 or longevity because as says Aristotle  
 philosophy is not for young men  
 their *Katholou* can not be sufficiently derived from  
     their *hekasta*  
 their generalities cannot be born from a sufficient phalanx  
                                     of particulars  
 lord of his work and master of utterance  
     who turneth his word in its season and shapes it  
     Yaou chose Shun to longevity  
 who seized the extremities and the opposites  
 holding true course between them  
 shielding men from their errors  
 cleaving to the good they had found  
 holding empire as if not in a mortar with it  
     .                      nor dazzled thereby  
 wd/ have put the old man, *son père* on his shoulders  
     and gone off to some barren seacoast

Says the Japanese sentry: Paaak yu djeep over there,  
some of the best soldiers we have says the captain

Dai Nippon Banzai from the Philippines  
remembering Kagekiyo: 'how stiff the shaft of your neck is.'

and they went off each his own way  
'a better fencer than I was,' said Kumasaka, a shade,  
'I believe in the resurrection of Italy      quia impossibile est

4 times to the song of Gassir  
now in the mind indestructible

### ΚΟΡΗ, 'ΑΓΛΑΟΣ 'ΑΛΛΟΥ

Glass-eye Wymmes treading water  
and addressing the carpenter from the seawaves  
because of an unpinned section of taff-rail

we are not so ignorant as you think in the navy  
Gesell entered the Lindhauer government  
which lasted rather less than 5 days

but was acquitted as an innocent stranger

Oh yes, the money is there,

il danaro c'è, said Pellegrini

(very peculiar under the circs)

musketeers rather more than 20 years later  
an old man (or oldish) still active  
serving small stones from a lath racquet

Περσεφόνεια under Taishan

in sight of the tower che pende  
on such a litter rode Pontius

under such canvas

in the a.h. of the army

in sight of two red cans labelled 'FIRE'

Said Von Tirpitz to his daughter: beware of their charm

ΣΕΙΡΗΝΕΣ this cross turns with the sun  
and the goyim are undoubtedly in great numbers cattle  
whereas a jew will receive information

he will gather up information  
faute de . . . something more solid  
but not in all cases

ΣΕΙΡΗΝΕΣ had appreciated his conversation

XΑΡΙΤΕΣ possibly in the soft air  
with the mast held by the left hand  
in this air as of Kuanon

enigma forgetting the times and seasons  
but this air brought her ashore a la marina  
with the great shell borne on the seawaves  
nautilus biancastra

By no means an orderly Dantescan rising  
but as the winds veer

tira libeccio  
now Genji at Suma , tira libeccio  
as the winds veer and the raft is driven  
and the voices , Tiro, Alcmene  
with you is Europa nec casta Pasiphaë

Eurus, Apeliota as the winds veer in periplum  
Io son la luna'. Cunizza

as the winds veer in periplum  
and from under the Rupe Tarpeia  
drunk with wine of the Castelli

'in the name of its god' 'Spiritus veni'  
adveni / not to a schema

'is not for the young' said Arry, stagirite  
• but as grass under Zephyrus

as the green blade under Apeliota  
Time is not, Time is the evil, beloved

Beloved the hours βροδοδάκτυλος  
     as against the half-light of the window  
     with the sea beyond making horizon  
 le contre-jour the line of the cameo  
 profile 'to carve Achaia'  
     a dream passing over the face in the half-light  
     Venere, Cytherea 'aut Rhodon'  
 '    vento ligure, veni  
 'beauty is difficult' sd/ Mr Beardsley  
 beauty is difficult  
 in the days of the Berlin to Bagdad project  
     and of Tom L's photos of rock temples in Arabia Petra  
 bût he wd/ not talk of  
     LL.G. and the frogbassador, he wanted to  
     talk modern art (T.L. did)  
     but of second rate, not the first rate  
     beauty is difficult.  
 He said I protested too much he wanted to start a press  
 and print the greek classics . . . . periplum  
     and the very very aged Snow created considerable  
 hilarity quoting the φαίνε-τ-τ-τ-τ-τ-αί μοι  
 in reply to *l'aer tremare*  
     beauty is difficult  
 But on the other hand the President of Magdalen  
 (rhyming dawdlin') said there were  
 too many words in 'The Hound of Heaven'  
     a moddddun opohem he had read  
 and there was no doubt that the dons lived well  
   in the kawledg  
 it was if I remember rightly the burn and freeze that the  
   freshmen  
 had failed to follow

or else a mere desire to titter etc.

and it is (in parenthesis) doubtless

easier to teach them to roar like gorillas  
than to scan ΦΑΙΝΕΤΑΙ μοι

inferior gorillas

of course, lacking the wind sack

and although Siki was quite observable

we have not yet calculated the sum gorilla + bayonet\*  
and there was a good man named Burr

descendent of Aaron during the other war  
who was amused by the British

but he didn't last long AND  
Corporal Casey tells me that Stalin

le bonhomme Staline

has no sense of humour (dear Koba!)  
and old Rhys, Ernest, was a lover of beauty  
and when he was still engineer in a coal mine  
a man passed him at high speed radiant in the mine gallery  
his face shining with ecstasy

'A'hv joost . . . . . Tommy Luff.'

and as Luff was twice the fellow's size, Rhys was puzzled  
The Muses are daughters of memory

Clio, Terpsichore  
and Granville was a lover of beauty  
and the three ladies all waited

'and with a name to come'

εσσομένοισι

aram vult nemus

Came Madame Lucrezia  
and on the back of the door in Cesena

are, or were, still the initials  
joli quart d'heure, (nella Malatestiana)

Torquato where art thou?

to the click of hooves on the cobbles by Tevere  
and 'my fondest knight lie dead'. . or la Stuarda  
'ghosts move about me' 'patched with histories'

but as Mead said: if they were,

'what have they done in the interval,

eh, to arrive by metempsychosis at. . . ?

and there are also the conjectures of the Fortean Society  
Beauty is difficult . . . . the plain ground

precedes the colours

and this grass or whatever here under the tentflaps

is, indubitably, bambooiform

representative brush strokes wd/ be similar

. . . . cheek bone, by verbal manifestation,

her eyes as in 'La Nascita'

whereas the child's face

is at Capuquadri in the fresco square over the doorway

centre background

the form beached under Helios

funge la purezza,

and that certain images be formed in the mind

to remain there

*formato locho*

Arachne mi porta fortuna

to remain there, resurgent EIKONEΣ

and still in Trastevere

for the deification of emperors

and the medallions

to forge Achaia

and as for playing chequers with black Jim





or the bugs in Mrs Jevons' hotel  
 or the quality of the beer served to sailors  
 veder Nap'oiiiiii or Pavia the romanesque  
     being preferable  
 and by analogy the form of San Zeno the  
     columns signed by their maker  
     the frescoes in S. Pietro and the madonna in Orto  
 'e 'fa di clarità l'aer tremare'  
 as in the manuscript of the Capitolare  
 Trattoria degli Apostoli (dodici)  
 'Ecco il tè' said the head waiter  
 in 1912 explaining its mysteries to the piccolo  
 with a teapot from another hotel  
 but coffee came to Assisi much later  
     that is, so one cd/ drink it  
 when it was lost in Orleans and France semi-ruin'd  
 thus the coffee-house facts of Vienna  
     whereas Mr Carver merits mention for the  
 cultivation of peanuts,  
 arachidi, and the soja has yet to save Europe  
     and the wops do not use maple syrup  
 the useful operations of commerce  
     stone after stone of beauty cast down  
 and authenticities disputed by parasites  
     (made in Ragusa) and: what art do you handle?  
 'The best' And the moderns? 'Oh, nothing modern  
 we couldn't sell anything modern.'  
 But Herr Bacher's father made madonnas still in the tradition  
 carved wood as you might have found in any cathedral  
     and another Bacher still cut intaglios  
     such as Salustio's in the time of Ixotta,  
 where the masks come from, in the Tirol,

in the winter season  
 searching every house to drive out the demons.  
 Serenely in the crystal jet  
 as the bright ball that the fountain tosses  
 (Verlaine) as diamond clearness  
 How soft the wind under Taishan  
 where the sea is remembered  
 out of hell, the pit  
 out of the dust and glare evil  
 Zephyrus / Apeliota  
 This liquid is certainly a  
 property of the mind  
 nec accidens est but an element  
 in the mind's make-up  
 est agens and functions dust to the fountain pan otherwise  
 Hast 'ou seen the rose in the steel dust  
 (or swansdown ever?)  
 so light is the urging, so ordered the dark petals of iron  
 we who have passed over Lethe.

out of Phlegethon,  
Gerhart

LXXV

art thou come forth out of Phlegethon?  
with Buxtehude and Klages in your satchel, with the  
Stammbuch of Sachs in yr/ luggage  
—not of one bird but of many

(5 allegro, piano Salina) - La canzone de l'ucelli -  
 Ris del Vichino *Finestra da Bellina (5 cote) ~ Salina (10 cote) [per metamorfosi] -*  
 2<sup>a</sup> parte  
 (due per Salina)  
*Andante assai*  
*mp*  
*dim.*  
*f*  
*ff* (quattro tuba) *f* *dim molto*  
*pp* *p*  
*molto* *f*  
*ff* *mf*  
*f*  
*dim.* *p*  
 2<sup>a</sup> parte  
 (Salina duecote) *mf* *dim.*

Handwritten musical score for a piece, likely a piano solo. The score consists of 13 staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics (f, p, mf, sf, pp, f, acc, decresc, sfz, sfz tempo, sfz), articulation (acc, decresc, sfz, sfz tempo, sfz), and performance instructions (IIIa Parte, [non più forte], Tempo 1°, (rubato per-decton)). The score ends with a double bar line and the number 35. Below the final staff, there is a handwritten note "28. g. 35" and a signature "M. R."

# A LXXVI

And the sun high over horizon hidden in cloud bank  
lit saffron the cloud ridge

dove sta memora

‘Will’ said the Signora Agresti, ‘break his political  
but not economic system’

But on the high cliff Alcmene,

Dryas, Hamadryas ac Heliades

flowered branch and sleeve moving

Dirce et Ixotta e che fu chiamata Primavera

in the timeless air

that they suddenly stand in my room here

between me and the olive tree

or nel clivo ed al triedro?

and answered: the sun in his great periplum  
leads in his fleet here

sotto le nostre scoglie

under our craggy cliffs

alevel their mast-tops

Sigismundo by the Aurelia to Genova

by la vecchia sotto S. Pantaleone

Cunizza qua al triedro,

e la scalza, and she who said: I still have the mould,

and the rain fell all the night long at Ussel

*cette mauvaiseh venggg* blew over Tolosa

and in Mt Segur there is wind space and rain space

no more an altar to Mithras

from il triedro to the Castellaro

the olives grey over grey holding walls  
and their leaves turn under Scirocco

la scalza: "Io son' la luna  
and they have broken my house"

the huntress in broken plaster keeps watch no longer

tempora, tempora and as to mores

by Babylonian wall (memorat Cheever)

out of his bas relief, for that line

we recall him

and who's dead, and who isn't

and will the world ever take up its course again?

very confidentially I ask you: Will it?

with Dieudonné dead and buried

not even a wall, or Mouquin, or Voisin or the cake shops

in the Nevsky

The Greif, yes, I suppose, and Schöners and perhaps  
the Taverna and Robert's

but La Rupe no longer la Rupe, finito

Pré Catalan, Armenonville, Bullier

extinct as Willy and there are I suppose

no reprints

Teofile's bricabrac Cocteau's bricabrac

• seadrift snowin' 'em under

every man to his junk-shop

houses shd/have been built in the '80's

(or '60's) for a' that

but Eileen's trick sunlight softens London's November  
progress, b . . . h yr/progress  
la pigrizia to know the ground and the dew

but to keep 'em three weeks      Chung  
we doubt it



and in government not to lie down on it

the word is made

perfect



better gift can no man make to a nation  
than the sense of Kung fu Tseu  
who was called Chung Ni  
nor in historiography nor in making anthologies

(b. . . h yr/progress)  
each one in the name of his god

So that in the synagogue in Gibraltar  
the sense of humour seemed to prevail  
during the preliminary parts of the whatever  
but they respected at least the scrolls of the law  
from it, by it, redemption  
@ \$8.50, @ \$8.67 buy the field with good money  
no unrighteousness in meteyard or in measure (of prices)

and there is no need for the Xtns to pretend that  
they wrote Leviticus  
chapter XIX in particular

with justice Zion  
not by cheating the eye-teeth out of Don Fulano  
or of Caio e Tizio;  
Why not rebuild it?

Criminals have no intellectual interests?

‘Hey, Snag, wot are the books ov th’ bibl’ ’

‘name ’em, etc.

‘Latin? I studied latin.’

said the nigger murderer to his cage-mate  
(cdn’t be sure which of the two was speaking)

‘c’mon, small fry’, sd/the smaller black lad  
to the larger.

‘Just playin’ ’ ante mortem no scortum  
(that’s progress, me yr’ ’ ’ se/call it progress/)

in the timeless air over the sea-cliffs

‘the pride of all our D.T.C. was pistol-packin’ Burnes’

But to set here the roads of France,

of Cahors, of Chalus,

the inn low by the river’s edge,

the poplars; to set here the roads of France

Aubeterre, the quarried stone beyond Poitiers—

—as seen against Sergeant Beaucher’s elegant profile-  
and the tower on an almost triangular base

as seen from Santa Marta’s in Tarascon

‘in heaven have I to make?’

but all the vair and fair women

and there is also the more northern (not nordic)



tradition from Memling to Elskamp, extending  
to the ship models in Danzig . . .  
if they have not destroyed them  
with Galla's rest, and . . .

is measured by the *to whom* it happens  
and to what, and if to a work of art  
then to all who have seen and who will not

Washington, Adams, Tyler, Polk  
(with Crawford to bring in a few Colonial  
families) the unruly  
— Tout dit que pas ne dure la fortune

In fact a small rain storm . . .  
as it were a mouse, out of cloud's mountain  
recalling the arrival of Joyce et fils  
at the haunt of Catullus  
with Jim's veneration of thunder and the  
Gardasee in magnificence  
But Miss Norton's memory for the conversation  
(or 'go on') of idiots  
was such as even the eminent Irish writer  
has, if equalled at moments (? synthetic'ly)  
certainly never surpassed

Tout dit que pas ne dure la fortune

and the Canal Grande has lasted at least until our time  
even if Florian's has been refurbished  
and shops in the Piazza kept up by  
artificial respiration

and for La Figlia di Jorio they got out a  
special edition  
(entitled the Oedipus of the Lagunes)  
of caricatures of D'Annunzio

l'ara sul rostro  
20 years of the dream  
and the clouds near to Pisa  
are as good as any in Italy  
said the young Mozart: if you will take a *prise*  
or following Ponce ('Ponthe')  
to the fountain in Florida  
de Leon alla fuente florida  
or Anchises that laid hold of her flanks of air  
drawing her to him  
Cythera potens, Κύθηρα δεινὰ  
no cloud, but the crystal body  
the tangent formed in the hand's cup  
as live wind in the beech grove  
as strong air amid cypress

Κόρη, Δελιά δεινὰ/et libidinis expers  
the sphere moving crystal, fluid,  
none therein carrying rancour  
Death, insanity/suicide degeneration  
that is, just getting stupider as they get older  
πολλά παθεῖν,

nothing matters but the quality  
of the affection—  
in the end—that has carved the trace in the mind  
dove sta memoria

and if theft be the main principle in government  
 (every bank of discount J. Adams remarked)  
 there will be larceny on a minor pattern  
 a few camions, a stray packet of sugar  
 , and the effect of the movies  
 the guard did not think that the Führer had started it  
 Sergeant XL thought that excess population  
 , demanded slaughter at intervals  
 (as to the by whom . . .) Known as 'The ripper'.

Lay in soft grass by the cliff's edge  
 with the sea 30 metres below this  
 — , and at hand's span, at cubit's reach moving,  
 the crystalline, as inverse of water,  
 clear over rock-bed

ac ferae familiares  
 the gemmed field *a destra* with fawn. with panther,  
 corn flower, thistle and sword-flower  
 to a half metre grass growth,  
 lay on the cliff's edge  
 . . . nor is this yet *atasal*  
 nor are here souls, nec personae  
 neither here in hypostasis, this land is of Dione  
 and under her planet  
 to Helia the long meadow with poplars  
 to ΚΥΠΡΙΣ  
 the mountain and shut garden of pear trees in flower  
 here rested.

. . . . .  
 'both eyes, (the loss of) and to find someone  
 who talked his own dialect. We

talked of every boy and girl in the valley  
but when he came back from leave  
he was sad because he had been able to feel  
all the ribs of his cow . . . '  
this wind out of Carrara  
is soft as *un terzo cielo*

said the Prefetto  
as the cat walked the porch rail at Gardone  
the lake flowing away from that side  
was still as is never in Sirmio  
with Fujiyama above it: 'La donna . . . '  
said the Prefect, in the silence

and the spring of their squeak-doll is broken  
and Bracken is out and the B.B.C. can lie  
but at least a different bilge will come out of it  
at least for a little, as is its nature  
can continue, that is, to lie.

As a lone ant from a broken ant-hill  
from the wreckage of Europe, ego scriptor.  
The rain has fallen, the wind coming down  
out of the mountain  
Lucca, Forti dei Marmi, Berchthold after the other one.  
parts reassembled.

. . . and within the crystal, went up swift as Thetis  
in colour rose-blue before sunset  
and carmine and amber,

spiriti questi? personae?  
tangibility by no means *atasal*  
but the crystal can be weighed in the hand

formal and passing within the sphere: Thetis,  
Maya, Ἀφροδίτη,

no overstroke  
• no dolphin faster in moving  
nor the flying azure of the wing'd fish under  
Zoagli

• when he comes out into the air, living arrow.  
and the clouds over the Pisan meadows  
are indubitably as fine as any to be seen  
from the peninsula  
οἱ βάρβαροι have not destroyed them  
as they have Sigismundo's Temple  
• Divae Ixottae (and as to her effigy that was in Pisa?)  
Ladder at swing jump as for a descent from the cross  
O white-chested martin, God damn it,  
as no one else will carry a message,  
say to La Cara: amo.

Her bed-posts are of sapphire  
for this stone giveth sleep.

and in spite of hoi barbaroi  
pervenche and a sort of dwarf morning-glory  
that knots in the grass, and a sort of buttercup  
et sequelae

Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel  
States of mind are inexplicable to us.  
δακρύων δακρύων δακρύων

L. P. gli onesti  
J'ai eu pitié des autres

probablement pas assez, and at moments that suited my own  
convenience

Le paradis n'est pas artificiel,  
l'enfer non plus.

Came Eurus as comforter  
and at sunset la pastorella dei suini  
driving the pigs home, benecomata dea

under the two-winged cloud  
as of less and more than a day  
by the soap-smooth stone posts where San Vio  
meets with il Canal Grande  
between Salviati and the house that was of Don Carlos  
shd/I chuck the lot into the tide-water?  
le bozze 'A Lume Spento'/  
and by the column of Todero  
shd/I shift to the other side  
or wait 24 hours,

free then, therein the difference  
in the great ghetto, left standing  
with the new bridge of the Era where was the old eyesore  
Vendramin, Contrarini, Fonda, Fondecho  
and Tullio Romano carved the sirenes  
as the old custode says: so that since  
then no one has been able to carve them  
for the jewel box, Santa Maria Dei Miracoli,  
Dei Greci, San Giorgio, the place of skulls  
• in the Carpaccio  
and in the font to the right as you enter  
are all the gold domes of San Marco

Arachne, che mi porta fortuna, go spin on that tent rope

Unkle George in Brassitalo's abbazia

voi che passate per questa via:

Doès D'Annunzio live here?

said the american lady, K. H.

'I do not know' said the aged Veneziana,

'this lamp is for the virgin.'

'Non combaattere' said Giovanna,

meaning: don't work so hard,

Arachne che mi porta fortuna;

Athene, who wrongs thee?

τίς ὀδikeĩ

That butterfly has gone out through my smoke hole

Unkle George observing Ct/Volpe's neck at the Lido

and deducing his energy. Unkle G. stood like a statue

'Rutherford Hayes on a monument'

as the princess approached him

'You from New England?' barked the 10th District,

and it came over me as he talked:

this is Dafne's Sandro—

How? after 30 years,

Trovaso, Gregorio, Vio

'Dawnt let 'em git you' burred the bearded Dottore

when was the Scottch Kirrk in Venice

to warn one against Babylonian intrigue

and there have been since then

very high episcopal vagaries

well, my window  
looked out on the Squero where Ogni Santi  
meets San Trovaso  
things have ends and beginnings

and the gilded cassoni neither then nor up to the present  
the hidden nest, Tami's dream, the great Ovid  
bound in thick boards, the bas relief of Ixotta  
and the care in contriving

Olim de Malatestis

the long hall over the arches at Fano  
olim de Malatestis

'64 countries and down a boilin' volcano'  
says the sargent  
ex rum-runner (the rum being vino rosso)  
'runnin whisky' sez he; mountain oysters?

lisciate con lagrime  
politis lachrymis ΔΑΚΡΥΩΝ

bricks thought into being ex nihil  
suave in the cavity of the rock la concha  
ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΘΡΟΝ', 'ΑΘΑΝΑΤΑ  
that butterfly has gone out through my smoke  
hole

'ΑΘΑΝΑΤΑ, saeva. Against buff the rose for the  
background to Leonello, Petrus Pisani pinxit  
that a cameo should remain

in Arezzo an altar fragment (Cortuna, Angelico)



po'eri di'aoli  
 po'eri di'aoli sent to the slaughter  
 Knecht gegen Knecht  
 to the sound of the bumm drum, to eat remnants  
 ' for a usurer's holiday to change the  
 price of a currency  
 ΜΕΤΑΘΕΜΕΝΩΝ . . . .  
 ΝΗΣΟΝ 'ΑΜΥΜΟΝΑ  
 woe to them that conquer with armies  
 and whose only right is their power.

# A LXXVII

And this day Abner lifted a shovel . . . .  
instead of watchin' it to see if it would  
take action

Von Tirpitz said to his daughter . . as we have elsewhere  
recorded / he said: beware of their charm

But on the other hand Maukch thought he  
would do me a favour by getting me onto the commission  
to inspect the mass graves at Katin,

le beau monde gouverne

if not toujours at any rate it is a level of  
some sort whereto things tend to return

Chung



in the middle

whether upright or horizontal

'and having got 'em (advantages, privilege)  
there is nothing, italics *nothing*, they will not do  
to retain 'em'

yrs truly Kungfutseu

Entered the Bros Watson's store in Clinton N. Y.

preceded by a crash, i.e. by a

huge gripsack or satchel

which fell and skidded along the 20 foot aisle-way

and ceased with a rumpus of glassware

(unbreakable as it proved)

and with the enquiry: WOT IZZA COMIN'?

'I'll tell you wot izza comin'

Sochy-lism is a-comin'

(a.d. 1904, somewhat previous but effective  
for immediate scope

things have ends (or scopes) and beginnings. To  
know what precedes and what follows

先

後

will assist yr/ comprehension of process  
vide also Epictetus and Syrus

As Arcturus passes over my smoke-hole  
the excess electric illumination  
is now focussed  
on the bloke who stole a safe he cdn't open  
(interlude entitled: periplum by camion)  
and Awoi's *hennia* plays hob in the tent flaps  
k-lakk . . . . . thuuuuuu  
making rain  
uuuh  
2, 7, hooo  
der im Baluba

Faasa ! 4 times was the city remade,  
now in the heart indestructible  
4 gates, the 4 towers  
(Il Scirocco è geloso)  
men rose out of χθόνος  
Agada, Ganna, Silla,  
and Mt Taishan is faint as the wraith of my first friend

who comes talking ceramics;  
mist glaze over mountain

何

‘How is it far, if you think of it?’

Came Boreas and his kylin  
to brreak the corporal’s heart

遠

Bright dawn 旦 on the sht house  
next day

with the shadow of the gibbets attendant

The Pisan clouds are undoubtedly various  
and splendid as any I have seen since  
at Scudder’s Falls on the Schuylkill

by which stream I seem to recall a feller  
settin’ in a rudimentary shack doin’ nawthin’  
not fishin’, just watchin’ the water,  
a man of about forty-five

nothing counts save the quality of the affection

mouth, is the sun that is god’s mouth  
or in another connection (periplum)

口

the studio on the Regent’s canal  
Theodora asleep on the sofa, the young  
Daimio’s ‘tailor’s bill’

or Grishkin’s photo refound years after  
with the feeling that Mr Eliot may have  
missed something, after all, in composing his vignette  
periplum

(the dance is a medium)

‘To his native mountain’

ψυχάριον αἱ βάσταξον νεκρὸν

a little flame for a little

conserved in the Imperial ballet, never danced in a theatre

Kept as Justinian left it

Padre José had understood something or other

before the deluxe car carried him over the precipice

*sumne fugol othbaer*

learned what the Mass meant,

how one shd/ perform it

the dancing at Corpus      the toys in the

service at Auxerre

top, whip, and the rest of them.

[I heard it in the s.h. a suitable place

to hear that the war was over]

the scollop of the sky shut down on its pearl

καλλιπλόκμα Ida.

With drawn sword as at Nemi

day comes after day

and the liars on the quai at Siracusa

still vie with Odysseus

seven words to a bomb

dum capitolium scandet

the rest is explodable

非其鬼而祭之

Very potent, can they again put one together  
as the two halves of a seal, or a tally stick?

Shun's will and  
King Wan's will

韻  
也

were as the two halves of a seal

$\frac{1}{2}$ s  
in the Middle Kingdom

Their aims as one  
directio voluntatis, as lord over the heart  
the two sages united  
and Lord Byron lamented that he (Kung)  
had not left it in metric  
'halves of a seal',

Voltaire choosing almost as I had  
to finish his 'Louis Quatorze'

and as to the distributive function

1766 ante Christum

it is recorded, and the state *can* lend money  
as proved at Salamis

and for notes on monopoly  
Thales; and credit, Siena;  
both for the trust and the mistrust;  
'the earth belongs to the living'  
interest on all it creates out of nothing  
the b. . . . . bank has; pure iniquity  
and to change the value of money, of the unit of  
money

志  
符  
節

## METATHEMENON

we are not yet out of *that* chapter

Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel

Κύθηρα, Κύθηρα,

Moving, ὑπὸ χθονὸς enters the hall of the records  
the forms of men rose out of γέα

Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel

nor does the martin against the tempest  
fly as in the calm air

'like an arrow, and under bad government  
like an arrow'

'Missing the bull's eye seeks the cause in himself'

'only the total sincerity, the precise definition'

and no sow's ear from silk purse  
even in that case. . .

the clouds over Pisa, over the two teats of Tellus, γέα

'He won't' said Pirandello 'fall for Freud,

he (Cocteau) is too good a poet.'

Well, Campari is gone since that day

with Dieudonné and with Voisin

and Gaudier's eye on the telluric mass of Miss Lowell

'the mind of Plato. . . or that of Bacon' said Upward  
seeking parallel for his own

'Haff you gno bolidigal basshunts? . . .

Demokritoos, Heragleitos' exclaimed Doktor Slonimsky 1912

So Miscio sat in the dark lacking the gasometer penny  
but then said: 'Do you speak German?'

to Asquith, in 1914

‘How Ainley face work all the time

back of that mask’

But Mrs Tinkey never believed he wanted her cat  
for mouse-chasing

and not for oriental cuisine

‘Jap’nese dance all time overcoat’ he remarked  
with perfect precision

‘Just like Jack Dempsey’s mitts’ sang Mr Wilson

so that you cd/ crack a flea on eider wan  
ov her breasts

sd/ the old Dublin pilot

or the precise definition

bel seno (in rimas escarsas, vide sopra)

2 mountains with the Arno, I suppose, flowing between

them

so kissed the earth after sleeping on concrete

bel seno Δημήτηρ copulatrix

thy furrow

in limbo no victories, there, are no victories—  
that is limbo; between decks of the slaver

10 years, 5 years

‘If he wd/ *only* get rid of Ciano’ groaned the admiral  
‘people who are used to take orders’ he said



when the fleet surrendered  
'I would do it' (finish off Ciano) 'with a pinch of  
insecticide.'  
said Chilanti's 12 year old daughter.  
Sold the school-house at Gais,  
cut down the woods whose leaves served for bedding cattle  
so there was a lack of manure. . .

for losing the law of Chung Ni,  
hence the valise set by the alpino's statue in Brunik  
and the long lazy float of the banners  
and similar things occurred in Dalmatia  
lacking that treasure of honesty  
which is the treasure of states

for the dog-damn wop is not, save by exception,  
honest in administration any more than the briton is truthful

Jactancy, vanity, peculation to the ruin of 20 years' labour

bells over Petano . . . are softer than other bells

remembering Alice and Edmée

till the dog Arlechino makes his round

blanket holding the hills' form in cloudy aurora

καὶ ἡδὲ θεὸς faces Apollo

E la Miranda was the only one who changed personality  
changing her roles

Which fact, it wd/ seem, escaped most, if not all, of the critics

'If you had a f. . . n' brain you'd be dangerous'

remarks Romano Ramona

to a by him designated c.s. in the scabies ward

the army vocabulary contains almost 48 words

one verb and participle one substantive ὕλη  
one adjective and one phrase sexless that is  
used as a sort of pronoun  
from a watchman's club to a vamp or fair lady

And Margherita's voice was clear as the notes of a clavichord  
tending her rabbit hutch,

O Margaret of the seven griefs  
who hast entered the lotus

'Trade, trade, trade..' sang Lanier  
and they say the gold her grandmother carried under her  
skirts for Jeff Davis  
drowned her when she slipped from the landing boat;  
doom of Atreus

(O Mercury god of thieves, your caduceus  
is now used by the american army  
as witness this packing case)

Born with Buddha's eye south of Mason and Dixon  
as against:

Il n'existent pas, leur ambience leur confort  
une existence . . . and in the case of  
Emanuel Swedenborg . . . 'do not argue'  
in the 3rd sphere do not argue

above which, the lotus, white nenuphar  
Kṛāṇon, the mythologies

we who have passed over Lethe

there are in fact several coarse expressions used in the  
army and Monsieur Barzun had, indubitably, an idea, about  
anno

domini 1910 but I do not know what he has done with it  
for I wd/ steal no man's raison  
and old André  
preached vers libre with Isaiaic fury, and sent me to old  
Rousselot

who fished for sound in the Seine  
and led to detectors  
'an animal' he said 'which seeks to conceal the  
sound of its foot-steps'  
L'Abbé Rousselot  
who wrapped up De Sousa's poems (fine oreille)  
and besought me to do likewise returning them  
lest his housekeeper know that he had them.

"Un curé déguisé' sd/ Cocteau's of M. . . . .  
'Me paraît un curé déguisé' A la porte  
Sais pas, Monsieur, il me paraît un curé déguisé.

'Thought' said M. Cocteau 'that I was among men of letters  
and then perceived a group of mechanics and garage  
assistants.'  
'As long as Daudet is alive they will never have him

in the Académie Goncourt'  
sd/ La Comtesse de Rohan, and Mr Martin  
we believe did a similar wrong to his party  
'30,000, they thought they were clever,  
why, Hell / they cd/ have had it for 6000 dollars,  
and after Landon they picked Wendell Willkie

Roi je ne suis, prince je ne daigne  
 Citizen of Florence, cd/ not receive noble titles  
     but carry the arms to this day  
 who resisted at Arbia when the fools wd/ have burnt down  
 Florence 'in gran dispetto' 'men used to obeying orders' .  
     'there was also the King who signed those decrees'  
     se casco, non casco in ginocchion'

—niggers comin' over the obstacle fence  
     as in the insets at the Scifanoja  
 (del Cossa) to scale, 10,000 gibbet-iform posts supporting  
     barbed wire  
 'St. Louis Till' as Green called him. Latin !  
     'I studied latin' said perhaps his smaller companion.  
 'Hey Snag, what's in the bibl'?  
     what are the books of the bibl'?  
 Name 'em! don't bullshit me!  
     'Hobo Williams, the queen of them all'  
 'Hey / Crawford, come over here /'

Roma profugens Sabinorum in terras  
 'Sligo in heaven' murmured uncle William  
     when the mist finally settled down on Tigullio

But Mr Joyce requested sample menus from the leading hotels  
 and Kitson had tinkered with lights on the Vetta

Mist covers the breasts of Tellus-Helena and drifts up the  
     Arno  
 came night and with night the tempest  
     'How is it far, if you think of it?'

If Basil sing of Shah Nameh, and wrote

فردوس

*Firdush*’ on his door

Thus saith Kabir: ‘Politically’ said Rabindranath  
‘they are inactive. They think, but then there is  
climate, they think but it is warm or there are flies or  
some insects’

‘And with the return of the gold standard’ wrote Sir Montague  
‘every peasant had to pay twice as much grain  
to cover his taxes and interest’

It is true that the interest is now legally lower  
but the banks lend to the bunya  
who can thus lend more to his victims  
and the snot press and periodical tosh do not notice this  
thus saith Kabir, by hypostasis  
if they can take Hancock’s wharf they can take your cow  
or my barn  
and the Kohinoor and the rajah’s emerald etc.

and Tom wore a tin disc, a circular can-lid  
with his name on it, solely:  
for Wanjina has lost his mouth,

For nowt so much as a just peace  
That wd/ obstruct future wars  
as witness the bombardment at Frascati after the armistice  
had been signed

who live by debt and war profiteering  
     Das Bankgeschäft  
         ‘. . . of the Wabash cannon ball’  
 in flat Ferrarese country seemed the same as here under Taishan  
 men move to scale      as in Del Cossa’s insets  
     at Schifanoja under the Ram and Bull  
 in the house-boats bargaining half a day for ten bob’s worth  
     of turquoise  
 mind come to plenum when nothing more will go into it  
 the wind mad as Cassandra  
     who was as sane as the lot of ’em

Sorella, mia sorella,  
     che ballava sobr’ un zecchin’

成

*ch’êng*

bringest to focus

Zagreus

Zagreus

成

*ch’êng*

CANTO 77 Explication

中

1-middle

先

2-precede

後

3-follow

何

4-how (is it)

遠

far

旦

5-dawn

口

6-mouth

非

7-not

其

one's own

鬼

spirit

而

and

祭

sacrifice

之

is

諂

flattery

也

bi gosh

To sacrifice to a spirit not one's own is flattery (sycophancy).

符  
節

8-halves of a  
tally stick

志  
成

9-direction  
of one's will

10-perfect  
or focus



# B LXXVIII

By the square elm of Ida  
40 geese are assembled  
(little sister who could dance on a sax-pence)  
to arrange a pax mundi

*Sobr' un zecchin'!*

Cassandra, your eyes are like tigers,  
with no word written in them

You also have I carried to nowhere  
to an ill house and there is

no end to the journey.

The chess board too lucid

the squares are too even . . . theatre of war . . .

'theatre' is good. There are those who did not want  
it to come to an end

and those negroes by the clothes-line are extraordinarily like the  
figures del Cossa

Their green does not swear at the landscape  
2 months' life in 4 colours

ter flebiliter: Ityn

to close the temple of Janus bifronte  
the two-faced bastard

'and the economic war has begun'

Napoleon wath a goodth man, it took uth

20 yearth to crwuth him

it will not take uth 20 years to crwuth Mussolini'

as was remarked in via Balbo by the Imperial Chemicals  
its brother.

Firms failed as far off as Avignon . . .

. . . my red leather note-book

pax Medicea

by his own talk in Naples, Lorenzo

who left lyrics inoltre

that men sing to this day

'alla terra abbandonata'

followed him Metastasio;

'alla' non 'della' in il Programma di Verona

the old hand as stylist still holding its cunning  
and the water flowing away from that side of the lake  
is silent as never at Sirmio

under the arches

Foresteria, Salò, Gardone

to dream the Republic. San Sepolchro

the four bishops in metal

lapped by the flame, amid ruin, la fede—

reliquaries seen on the altar.

'Someone to take the blame if we slip up on it'

Goedel's sleek head in the midst of it,

the man out of Naxos past Fara Sabina

'if you will stay for the night'

'it is true there is only one room for the lot of us'

'money is nothing'

'no, there is nothing to pay for that bread'

'nor for the minestra'

'Nothing left here but women'

'Have lugged it this far, will keep it' (il zaino)

No, they will do nothing to you.

'Who says he is an American'

" a still form on the branda, Bologna

'Gruss Gott', 'Der Herr!' 'Tatile ist gekommen!'

Slow lift of long banners

Roma profugens Sabinorum in terras  
 and belt the citye quahr of nobil fame  
 the lateyn peopil taken has their name  
 bringing his gods into Latium  
 , saving the bricabrac  
 ‘Ere he his goddis brocht in Latio’  
 ‘each one in the name’  
 , in whom are the voices, keeping hand on the reins  
 Gaudier’s word not blacked out  
 nor old Hulme’s, nor Wyndham’s,  
*Mana aboda.*  
 The touch of sadism in the back of his neck  
 tinting justice, ‘Steele that is one awful name.’  
 sd/ the cheerful reflective nigger  
 Blood and Slaughter to help him  
 dialogue repartee at the drain hole  
 Straight as the bar of a ducking stool ‘got his pride’  
 get to the states you can buy it  
 Don’t try that here  
 the bearded owl making catcalls  
 Pallas Δίκη sustain me  
 ‘definition can not be shut down under a box lid’  
 but if the gelatine be effaced whereon is the record?  
 ‘wherein is no responsible person  
 having a front name, a hind name and an address’  
 ‘not a right but a duty’  
 those words still stand uncanceled,  
 ‘Presente!’  
 and merrda for the monopolists  
 the bastardly lot of ‘em  
 Put down the slave trade, made the desert to yield  
 and menaced the loan swine

Sitalkas, double Sitalkas  
 'not the priest but the victim'  
 said Allen Upward  
 knew something was phoney, when he (Pellegrini)  
 sd/ : the money is there.  
 Knowledge lost with Justinian, and with Titus and Antoninus  
 ('law rules the sea' meaning *lex Rhodi*)  
 that the state have vantage from private misfortune  
 No! Or the story of property  
 to Rostovtzeff (is it Rostovtzeff?)  
 nothing worse than fixed charge  
 several years' average  
 Mencius III, 1. T'ang Wan Kung  
 Chapter 3 and verse 7  
 Be welcome, O cricket my grillo, but you must not  
 sing after taps.  
 Ghard's cap quattroceto  
 o-hon dit que'ke fois au vi'age  
 qu'une casque ne sert pour rien  
 'hien de tout  
 Cela ne sert que pour donner courage  
 a ceux qui n'en ont point de tout  
 So Salzburg reopens  
 Qui suona Wolfgang grillo  
 P° viola da gamba  
 one might do worse than open a pub on Lake Garda  
 so one thinks of  
 Tailhade and 'Willy' (Gauthier-Villars)  
 and of Mockel and La Wallonie . . . en casque  
 de crystal rose les paladines

with the cakeshops in the Nevsky

and Sirdar, Armenonville or the Kashmiri house-boats  
 en casque de crystal rose les baladines  
 messed up Monsieur Mozart's house  
     but left the door of the new concert hall  
 So he said, looking at the signed columns in San Zeno  
 'how the hell can we get any architecture  
         when we order our columns by the gross?'  
 red marble with a stone loop cast round it, four shafts,  
 and Farinata, kneeling in the cortile,  
     built like Ubaldo, that's race,  
 Can Grande's grin like Tommy Cochran's  
     'E fa di clarità l'aer tremare'  
     thus writ, and conserved (or was) in Verona  
 So we sat there by the arena,  
     outside, Thiy and il decaduto  
 the lace cuff fallen over his knuckles  
     considering Rochefoucauld  
 but the program (Cafe Dante) a literary program 1920 or  
     thereabouts was neither published nor followed  
 Griffiths said, years before that, : 'Can't move 'em with  
 a cold thing like economics     I am pledged not to  
 come here (London) to Parliament'  
     Aram vult nemus  
 as under the rain altars  
 asking how to discover delusions (confusions)  
     'Chose Kao-yao and the crooks disappeared.'  
     'Chose I Yin and the crooks toddled off.'  
     2 hours of living, knew when they left  
 that there wd/ be one hell of a fight in the senate  
     Lodge, Knox against world entanglement  
 Two with him in the whole house against the constriction of

Bacchus

moved to repeal that god-damned amendment

Number XVIII

Mr Tinkham

Geneva the usurers' dunghill

Frogs, brits, with a few dutch pimps

as top dressing to preface extortions

and the usual filthiness

for detail see Odon's neat little volume

, that is, for a few of the more obvious details,

the root stench being usura and METATHEMENON

and Churchill's return to Midas broadcast by his liary.

'No longer necessary,' taxes are no longer necessary

in the old way if it (money) be based on work done

inside a system and measured and gauged to human

requirements

inside the nation or system

道

and cancelled in proportion

to what is used and worn out

à la Wörgl. Sd/ one wd/ have to think about that

but was hang'd dead by the heels before his thought in

proposito

came into action efficiently

'For a pig,' Jepson said, 'for a woman.' For the infamies of

usura.

The Stealing of the Mare, casûs bellorum, 'mits'

sang Mr Wilson, Thomas not Woodrow, Harriet's spirited heir

(the honours twice with his boots on,

that was Wellington)

and if theft be the main motive in government

in a large way

there will certainly be minor purloinments  
As long as the socialists use their accessories as red herring  
to keep man's mind off the creation of money  
many men's manners videt et urbes πολύμητις  
ce rusé personnage, Otis, so Nausikaa  
took down the washing or at least went to see that the  
maids didn't slack

or sat by the window  
at Bagni Romagna knowing that nothing could happen  
and looking ironic'ly at the traveller

Cassandra your eyes are like tigers'  
no light reaches through them  
eating lotus, or if not exactly the lotus, the  
asphodel

To be gentildonna in a lost town in the mountains  
on a balcony with an iron railing  
with a servant behind her  
as it might be in a play by Lope de Vega  
and one goes by, not alone,

No hay amor sin celos  
Sin secreto no hay amor  
eyes of Doña Juana la loca,  
Cunizza's shade al triedro and that presage  
in the air  
which means that nothing will happen that will  
be visible to the sergeants

Tre donne intorno alla mia mente  
but as of conversation to follow,  
boredom of that roman on Olivia's stairs  
in her vision  
that stone angle all of his scenery  
with the balustrade, an antipodes

and as for the solidity of the white oxen in all this  
perhaps only Dr Williams (Bill Carlos)  
will understand its importance,  
its benediction. He wd/ have put in the cart.  
The shadow of the tent's peak treads on its corner peg  
marking the hour. The moon split, no cloud nearer than Lucca.  
In the spring and autumn  
In 'The Spring and Autumn'

there  
are  
no  
righteous  
wars



# M LXXIX

oon, cloud, tower, a patch of the battistero all of a  
whiteness,

dirt pile as per the Del Cossa inset  
think not that you wd/ gain if their least caress  
were faded from my mind  
I had not loved thee half so well  
Loved I not womankind'

So Salzburg reopens  
lit a flame in my thought that the years  
Amari—li Am——ar—i—li!  
and her hair gone white from the loss of him  
and she not yet thirty.  
On her wedding day and then thus, for the next time,  
at the Spielhaus,  
... might have been two years later.

Or Astafieva inside the street doors of the Wigmore  
and wd/ not have known her  
undoubtedly wd/ have put in the cart)  
present Mr G. Scott whistling Lili Marlene  
with positively less musical talent  
than that of any other man of colour  
whom I have ever encountered  
but with bonhomie and good humour  
(to Goedel in memoriam)

Sleek head that saved me out of one chaos  
and I hear that G. P. has salmoned through all of it.  
Où sont? and who will come to the surface?  
And Pétain not to be murdered 14 to 13  
after six hours' discussion

Indubitably, indubitably re/ Scott

I like a certain number of shades in my landscape  
as per / 'doan' tell no one I made you that table'  
or Whiteside:

'ah certainly dew lak dawgs,

ah goin' tuh wash you'

(no, not to the author, to the canine unwilling in question)

with 8 birds on a wire

or rather on 3 wires, Mr Allingham

The new Bechstein is electric

and the lark squawk has passed out of season

whereas the sight of a good nigger is cheering

the bad'uns wont look you straight

Guard's cap quattroceto passes *a cavallo*

on horseback through landscape Cosimo Tura

or, as some think, Del Cossa;

'up stream to delouse and down stream for the same purpose  
seaward

different lice live in different waters

some minds take pleasure in counterpoint

pleasure in counterpoint

and the later Beethoven on the new Bechstein,

or in the Piazza S. Marco for example

finds a certain concordance of size

not in the concert hall;

can that be the papal major sweatin' it out to the humm drum?

what castrum romanum, what

'went into winter quarters'

is under us?

as the young horse whinnies against the tubas

in contending for certain values

(Janequin per esempio, and Orazio Vecchii or Bronzino)

Greek rascality against Hagoromo  
     Kumasaka vs/ vulgarity  
         no sooner out of Troas  
 than the damn fools attacked Ismarus of the Cicones  
     4 birds on 3 wires, one bird on one  
 the imprint of the intaglio depends  
     in part on what is pressed under it  
 , the mould must hold what is poured into it  
         in  
         discourse  
                         what matters is  
 to get it across e poi basta  
     5 of 'em now on 2;  
         on 3; 7 on 4  
         thus what's his name  
         and the change in writing the song books  
         5 on 3   aulentissima rosa fresca  
 so they have left the upper church at Assisi  
     but the Goncourt shed certain light on the  
 french revolution  
     'paak you djeep oveh there'  
 the bacon-rind banner alias the Washington arms  
     floats over against Ugolino  
 in San Stefano dei Cavalieri  
     God bless the Constitution  
 and *save* it  
     'the value thereof'  
     that is the crux of the matter  
 and god damn the perverters  
     and if Attlee attempts a Ramsay  
 'Leave the Duke, go for the gold'  
     'in less than a geological epoch'

and the Fleet that triumphed at Salamis  
and Wilkes's fixed the price per loaf

ἥθος

Athene cd/ have done with more sex appeal  
caesia ocula

'Pardon me, γλαύξ'

('Leave it, I'm not a fool.')

mah?

'The price is three altars, multa.'

'paak you djeep oveh there.'

2 on 2

what's the name of that bastard? D'Arezzo, Gui d'Arezzo  
notation

3 on 3

chiacchierona

the yellow bird

to rest

3 months in bottle

(auctor)

by the two breasts of Tellus

Bless my buttons, a staff car/  
si come avesse l'inferno in gran dispetto  
Capanaeus

with 6 on 3, swallow-tails  
as from the breasts of Helen, a cup of white gold  
2 cups for three altars. Tellus γέα fecunda

'each one in the name of its god'

mint, thyme and basilicum,

the young horse whinnies against the sound of the bumm band;  
to that 'gadget', and to the production and the slaughter  
(on both sides) in memoriam

'Hell! don't they get a break for the whistle?'

and if the court be not the centre of learning . . .  
in short the snot of pejorocracy . . .

黃  
鳥  
止

tinsel gilded  
of fat fussy old women  
and fat snorty old stallions  
'half dead at the top'  
My dear William B. Y. your  $\frac{1}{2}$  was too moderate  
'pragmatic pig' (if goyim) will serve for 2 thirds of it  
to say nothing of the investment of funds in the Yu-en-mi  
'and similar ventures  
small arms 'n' chemicals  
whereas Mr Keith comes nearest to Donatello's  
O Lynx, my love, my lovely lynx.  
Keep watch over my wine pot.  
Guard close my mountain still  
Till the god come into this whisky.  
Manitou, god of lynxes, remember our corn.  
Khardas, god of camels  
what the deuce are you doing here?  
I beg your pardon . . .  
'Prepare to go on a journey.'  
'I . . .'

'Prepare to go on a journey.'  
or to count sheep in Phoenician,  
How is it far if you think of it?  
So they said to Lidya: no, your body-guard is not the  
town executioner  
the executioner is not here for the moment  
the fellow who rides beside your coachman  
is just a cossack who executes . . .  
Which being the case, her holding dear H. J.  
(Mr. James, Henry) literally by the button-hole . .  
in those so consecrated surroundings

(a garden in the Temple, no less)  
and saying, *for once*, the right thing  
namely: 'Cher maître'  
to his chequed waistcoat, the Princess Bariatinsky,  
as the fish-tails said to Odysseus, ἐνὶ Τροίῃ,

The moon has a swollen cheek  
and when the morning sun lit up the shelves and battalions  
of the West, cloud over cloud

Old Ez folded his blankets  
Neither Eos nor Hesperus has suffered wrong at my hands

O Lynx, wake Silenus and Casey  
shake the castagnettes of the bassarids,

the mountain forest is full of light  
the tree-comb red-gilded

'Who sleeps in the field of lynxes  
in the orchard of Maelids?

(with great blue marble eyes  
'because he likes to', the cossack)

Salazar, Scott, Dawley on sick call

Polk, Tyler, half the presidents and Calhoun  
'Retaliate on the capitalists' sd/ Calhoun 'of the North'  
ah yes, when the ideas were clearer

debts to people in N. Y. city  
and on the hill of the Maelids

in the close garden of Venus

asleep amid serried lynxes  
set wreaths on Priapus ἱλαρχος, Io! Κύθηρα, Io!

having root in the equities  
Io!

and you can make 5000 dollars a year

all you have to do is to make one trip up country  
then come back to Shanghai

and send in an annual report  
as to the number of converts

“ Sweetland on sick call  
ἑλέησον Kyrie eleison  
each under his fig tree  
or with the smell of fig leaves burning  
so shd/ be fire in winter  
with fig wood, with cedar, and pine burrs

O Lynx keep watch on my fire.

So Astafieva had conserved the tradition  
From Byzance and before then

Manitou remember this fire

O lynx, keep the phylloxera from my grape vines

ἴλακχε, ἴλακχε, Χαῖρε, ΑΟΙ

‘Eat of it not in the under world’

See that the sun or the moon bless thy eating  
Κόρη, Κόρη, for the six seeds of an error  
or that the stars bless thy eating

O Lynx, guard this orchard,  
Keep from Demeter’s furrow

This fruit has a fire within it,

Pomona, Pomona

No glass is clearer than are the globes of this flame  
what sea is clearer than the pomegranate body  
holding the flame?

Pomona, Pomona,





for three nights amid lynxes. For three nights  
of the oak-wood  
and the vines are thick in their branches  
no vine lacking flower,  
no lynx lacking a flower rope  
no Maelid minus a wine jar  
this forest is named Melagrana

O lynx, keep the edge on my cider  
Keep it clear without cloud

We have lain here amid kalicanthus and sword-flower  
The heliads are caught in wild rose vine  
The smell of pine mingles with rose leaves  
O lynx, be many  
of spotted fur and sharp ears.  
O lynx, have your eyes gone yellow,  
with spotted fur and sharp ears?

Therein is the dance of the bassarids  
Therein are centaurs  
And now Priapus with Faunus  
The Graces have brought Ἀφροδίτην  
Her cell is drawn by ten leopards  
O lynx, guard my vineyard  
As the grape swells under vine leaf  
Ἥλιος is come to our mountain  
there is a red glow in the carpet of pine spikes

O lynx, guard my vineyard  
As the grape swells under vine leaf

This Goddess was born of sea-foam

She is lighter than air under Hesperus

δεινὰ, εἰ Κύθηρα

terrible in resistance

Κόρη καὶ Δήλια καὶ Μαῖα

trine as praeludio

Κύπρις Ἀφρόδιτη

a petal lighter than sea-foam

Κύθηρα

aram

nemus

vult

O puma, sacred to Hermes, Cimbica servant of Helios.

A LXXX

in' committed no federal crime,  
jes a slaught misdemeanour'  
Thus Mr A. Little or perhaps Mr Nelson, or Washington  
reflecting on the vagaries of our rising θέμις

Amo ergo sum, and in just that proportion  
And Margot's death will be counted the end of an era  
and dear Walter was sitting amid the spoils of Finlandia  
a good deal of polar white  
but the gas cut off.  
Debussy preferred his playing  
that also was an era (Mr. W. Rummel)  
an era of croissants  
then an era of *pains au lait*  
and the eucalyptus bobble is missing  
'Come pan, niño!'  
that was an era also, and Spanish bread  
was made out of grain in that era  
senesco

sed amo  
Madri', Sevilla, Córdoba,  
there was grain equally in the bread of that era  
senesco sed amo

Gervais must have put milk in his cheese  
(and the mortal fatigue of action postponed)  
and Las Meniñas hung in a room by themselves  
and Philip horsed and not horsed and the dwarfs  
and Don Juan of Austria

Breda, the Virgin, Los Boracchios

are they all now in the Prado?  
 y Las Hiladeras?  
 Do they sell such old brass still in 'Las Américas'  
     with the wind coming hot off the marsh land  
     or with death-chill from the mountains?  
 and with Symons remembering Verlaine at the Tabarin  
     or Hennique, Flaubert  
 Nothing but death, said Turgenev (Tiresias)  
     is irreparable  
 ἄγλαος ἀλάου πόρη Περσεφόνεια  
     Still hath his mind entire  
 But to lose faith in a possible collaboration  
 To raise up the ivory wall  
 or to stand as the coral rises,  
 as the pilot-fish nears it  
     (will they shoot X——y)  
 or the whale-mouth           for wanting a northern league  
 for demanding a Scandinavian Norse coalition  
     inexorable  
                                     this is from heaven  
     the warp  
     and the woof  
 with a sky wet as ocean  
 flowing with liquid slate  
 Pétain defended Verdun while Blum . . .  
 the red and white stripes  
     cut clearer against the slate  
     than against any other distance  
 the blue field melts with the cloud-flow  
 To communicate and then stop, that is the  
     law of discourse  
 To go far and come to an end

simplex munditiis, as the hair of Circe;  
perhaps without the munditiis  
as the difference between the title page in old Legge  
and some of the elegant fancy work

I wonder what Tsu Tsze's calligraphy looked like  
they say she could draw down birds from the trees,  
that indeed was imperial; but made hell in  
the palace

as some say: a dark forest  
the warp and the woof  
that is of heaven

'and I be damned' said Confucius:  
This affair of a southern Nancy  
and as for the vagaries of our friend

Mr Hartmann,

Sadakichi a few more of him,  
were that conceivable, would have enriched  
the life of Manhattan  
or any other town or metropolis  
the texts of his early stuff are probably lost  
with the loss of fly-by-night periodicals  
and our knowledge of Hovey,

Stickney, Loring,  
the lost legion or as Santayana has said:  
They just died They died because they  
just couldn't stand it  
and Carman 'looked like a withered berry'

20 years after  
Whitman liked oysters  
at least I think it was oysters  
and the clouds have made a pseudo-Vesuvius  
this side of Taishan

Nenni, Nenni, who will have the succession?  
 To this whiteness, Tseng said  
 'What shall add to this whiteness?'  
 and as to poor old Benito  
                     one had a safety-pin  
 one had a bit of string, one had a button  
                     all of them so far beneath him  
 half-baked and amateur  
                     or mere scoundrels  
 To sell their country for half a million  
                     hoping to cheat more out of the people  
 bought the place from the concierge  
                     who could not deliver  
 but on the other hand   emphasis  
                     an error or excess of  
   emphasis  
 the problem after any revolution is what to do with  
 your gunmen  
 as old Billyum found out in Oireland  
                     in the Senate, Bedad! or before then  
                     Your gunmen thread on moi drreams  
                     O woman shapely as a swan,  
 Your gunmen tread on my dreams  
 Whoi didn't he (Padraic Colum)  
                     keep on writing poetry at that voltage  
 'Whenever you get hold of one of their banknotes  
 (i.e. an Ulster note) burn it'  
                     said one of the senators  
                     planning the conquest of Ulster  
 This he said in the Oirish Senate  
                     showing a fine grasp of . . .  
                     of possibly nothing.

But if a man don't occasionally sit in a senate  
how can he pierce the darrk mind of a  
senator?

and down there they have been having their Palio  
‘Torre! Torre! Civetta!’

and I trust they have not destroyed the  
old theatre

by restaurations, and by late renaissance giribizzi,  
dove è Barilli?

this calvario ‘we will not descend from’, sd/ the *prete*  
on the damn'd hard bench waiting the horses

and the parade and the carroccio and the flag-play  
and the tossing of the flags of the contrade  
‘for another four hours’

‘non è una hontrada è un homplesso’  
explained an expert to an inexperienced  
re/ the remains of the guilds or *arti*  
where they say: hamomila de hampo

and the Osservanza is broken  
and the best de la Robbia busted to flinders  
and near what? Li Saou  
and the front of the Tempio, Rimini  
It will not take uth twenty yearth  
to cwuth Mutholini  
and the economic war has begun

35 via Balbo

(Napoleon etc.) Since Waterloo  
nothing etc. Leave the Duke, go for the gold!  
action somewhat sporadic

‘Will never be used at home  
but abroad to increase the

etc. of the lenders,' the eh . . . investors  
and is buried in the Red Square in Moscow  
along with Andy Jackson, Napoleon and others  
there is according to some authors a partial resurrection  
of corpses  
on all souls day in Cairo  
or perhaps all over Egypt  
in identity but not atom for atom  
but the Saducees hardly give credence  
to Mr Eliot's version  
Partial resurrection in Cairo.  
Beddoes, I think, omits it.

The bone *luz*, I think was his take off  
Curious, is it not, that Mr Eliot  
has not given more time to Mr Beddoes

(T. L.) prince of morticians  
where none can speak his language  
centuries hoarded  
to pull up a mass of algae  
(and pearls)

or the odour of eucalyptus or sea wrack  
cat-faced, croce di Malta, figura del sol  
to each tree its own mouth and savour  
'Hot        hole        hep        cat'

or words of similar volume  
to be recognized by the god-damned  
or man-damned trainee  
Prowling night-puss leave my hard squares alone  
they are in no case cat food

.                    if you had sense  
you wd/ come here at meal time  
when meat is superabundant

何  
遠



you can neither eat manuscript nor Confucius  
 nor even the hebrew scriptures  
 get out of that bacon box  
 contract W, 11 oh oh 9 oh  
 now used as a wardrobe  
                     ex 53 pounds gross weight  
 the cat-faced eucalyptus nib  
             is where you cannot get at it  
 Tune: kitten on the keys  
             radio steam Calliope  
 following the Battle Hymn of the Republic  
             where the honey-wagon cease from stinking  
                                     and the nose be at peace  
 'mi-Hine eyes hev'  
                             well yes they *have*  
 seen a good deal of it  
             there is a good deal to be seen  
 fairly tough and unblastable  
             and the hymn . . .  
 well in contrast to the *god*-damned crooning  
             put me down for temporis acti  
             ΟΥ ΤΙΣ  
             ἄχρονος  
 now there are no more days  
             Οὐ τις  
             ἄχρονος  
 the water seeps in under the bottle's seal  
             Till finally the moon rose like a blue p.c.  
 of Bingen on the Rhine  
             round as Perkeo's tub  
 then glaring Eos stared the moon in the face  
             (Pistol packin' Jones with an olive branch)

man and dog

on the S. E. horizon

and we note that dog precedes man in the occident  
as of course in the orient if the bloke in the  
is proceeding to rightwards

'Why war?' sd/ the sergeant rum-runner

'too many people! when there git to be too many  
you got to kill some of 'em off.'

'But for Kuan Chung,' sd/ Confucius

'we shd/ still be buttoning our coats tother way on'.  
the level of political education in our  
eminent armies

is, perhaps, not yet established    ma  
così discesi per l'aer maligno

on doit le temps ainsi prendre qu'il vient  
or to write dialogue because there is  
no one to converse with  
to take the sheep out to pasture  
to bring your g.r. to the nutriment  
gentle reader    to the gist of the discourse  
to sort out the animals

so that leaving America I brought with me  
and England a letter of Thomas Hardy's  
and Italy one eucalyptus pip  
from the salita that goes up from Rapallo  
(if I go)

'a S. Bartolomeo mi vidi col pargoletto,  
Chiodato a terra colle braccia aperte



(ch'üan)

in forma di croce gemisti.  
 diss'io: Io son' la luna.'  
 Coi piedi sulla falce d'argento  
 mi parve di pietosa sembianza  
 The young Dumas weeps because the young Dumas  
 has tears  
 Death's seeds move in the year  
 semina motuum  
 falling back into the trough of the sea  
 the moon's arse been chewed off by this time  
 semina motuum  
 'With us there is no deceit'  
 said the moon nymph immacolata  
 Give back my cloak, *hagoromo*.  
 had I the clouds of heaven  
 as the nautilic borne ashore  
 in their holocaust  
 as wistaria floating shoreward  
 with the sea gone the colour of copper  
 and emerald dark in the offing  
 the young Dumas has tears thus far from the year's end  
 At Ephesus she had compassion on silversmiths  
 revealing the paraclete  
 standing in the cusp  
 of the moon et in Monte Gioiosa  
 as the larks rise at Allegre  
 Cythera egoista  
 But for Actaeon  
 of the eternal moods has fallen away  
 in Fano Caesaris for the long room over the arches  
 olim de Malatestis

wan

caritas

XAPITEΣ

'and when' bad government prevailed, like an arrow,  
fog rose from the marshland

• bringing claustrophobia of the mist  
beyond the stockade there is chaos and nothingness

Ade du Piccadilly

Ade du Lesterplatz

Their works like cobwebs when the spider is gone  
encrust them with sun-shot crystals

and in 40 years no one save old Bellotti

“There is no darkness but ignorance”

had read the words on the pedestal

The things I cd/ tell you, he sd/ of Lady de X

and of how he caught the Caressor's about to be

Imperial coat tails

and only twice had rec'd 3 penny bits

one from Rothschild and one from DeLara

and brought in about 2 ounces of saffron

for a risotto during the first so enormous war

Jah, the Bard's pedestal ist am Lesterplatz

in the city of London

but the trope is, as the accurate reader will have observed,

not to be found in Sam Johnson's edition

“The evil that men do lives after them”

well, that is from Julius Caesar

unless memory trick me

who crossed the Rubicon up near Rimini

Where is, or was, an arch of Augustus

“Wanted to borrow it back” said H. Cole

“I sd/ why? he thought he wd/

make another one like it” so Horace C. started

buying someone else's paintings

whose name, be it not Innes, escapes me

But impersonated a sultan  
 of was it Zanzibar and took up the paving in Bond St.  
     to compensate for a partial deafness  
 which, he felt, lost him part of life's fun  
 and persuaded an Aussie or Zealander or S. African  
 to kneel with him in prayer  
     outside the Kardomah tea rooms  
 and also roused a street demonstration  
     in Soho for Italy's entry into combat in  
         19 was it 15?  
 pass Napper, Bottom (correct that to Bottomly)  
         Gaddy on sick call  
 will be wanted for gunstocks or need belladonna  
         and as for sulking  
 I knew but one Achilles in my time  
 and he ended up in the Vatican  
         Hannibals, Hamilcars  
 in profusion nearly all humble persons  
 'Jolly woman' said the resplendent head waiter  
 20 years after i.e. after old Kait'  
 had puffed in, stewing with rage  
 concerning the landlady's *doings*  
         with a lodger unnamed  
 az waz near Gt Tichfield St. next door to the pub  
 'married wumman, you couldn't fool *her*'  
 Torn from the *sacerdos*  
         hurled into unstillness, Ixion  
         Trinacrian manxman  
         So old Sauter  
 front hall full of large photos of Bismarck  
         and Von Moltke  
 so that during the Boer war Whistler used to come

and talk 'strategy

but that he, Sauter, never cd/ see  
the portrait of Sarasate

'like a black fly hanging stuck to that canvas'  
till one day after Whistler's death

I think it was Ysaye was with him  
who saw the Whistler  
for the first time and burst out:

What a fiddle!

It is said also that Homer was a medic  
who followed the greek armies to Troas  
so in Holland Park they rolled out to beat up Mr Leber  
(restaurantier) to Monsieur Dulac's disgust  
and a navvy rolls up to me in Church St. (Kensington End) with:

Yurra Jurrmun!

To which I replied: I am *not*.

'Well yurr szum kind ov a furriner.'

ne povans desraciner

But Tosch the great ex-greyhound

used to get wildly excited

at being given large beefsteaks

in Tolosa

and leapt one day finally

right into the centre of the large dining table

and lay there as a centre piece

near the cupboard piled half full

with novels of 'Willy' etc

in the old one franc editions

and you cd/ hear papa Dulac's voice

clear in the choir that wd/ ring ping on the high altar  
in the Bach chorals



with Théophile's arm chair  
 one cd/ live in such an apartment  
 'seeing the roofs of Paris  
 Ça s'appelle une mansarde  
 The old trees near the Rue Jacob  
 were propped up to keep them from falling  
 à l'Amitié  
 and M. Jean wanted to save that building  
 what do you call it,  
 can it have been the old Ecole Militaire?  
 'Il me paraît,' said his housekeeper  
 'un curé déguisé'  
 (that was M. . . . .)  
 and Natalie said to the apache:  
 vous êtes très mal élevé  
 and his companion said: Tiens, elle te le dit . . .  
 so they left her her hand bag  
 and the jambe-de-bois stuck it up  
 at an angle, say about 160 degrees  
 and pretended it was a fiddle  
 while the 60 year old bat did a hoolah  
 to the great applause of that bistro  
 'Entrez donc, mais entrez,  
 c'est la maison de tout le monde'  
 (This to me and H. Liveright vers le Noël)  
 And three small boys on three bicycles  
 smacked her young fanny in passing  
 before she recovered from the surprise of the first swat  
 ce sont les mœurs de Lutèce  
 where there are also the scant remains of an arena  
 and Le Musée de Cluny.  
 Arena or is it a teatro romano?





• There were mysterious figures  
that emerged from recondite recesses  
• and ate at the WIENER CAFÉ  
which died into banking, Jozeffff may have followed  
his emperor.  
‘It is the sons pent up within a man’  
mumbled old Neptune

‘Laomedon, Ahi, Laomedon’  
or rather three ‘ahis’ before the ‘Laomedon’

‘He stood’ wrote Mr Newbolt, later Sir Henry,  
‘the door behind’ and now they complain of cummings.  
So it is to Mr Binyon that I owe, initially,  
Mr Lewis, Mr P. Wyndham Lewis. His bull-dog, me,  
as it were against old Sturge M’s bull-dog, Mr T. Sturge  
Moore’s bull-dog, et

meum est propositum, it is my intention  
in tabernam, or was, to the Wiener café  
you cannot yet buy one dish of Chinese food in all Italy  
hence the débacle  
‘forloyn’ said Mr Bridges (Robert)  
‘we’ll get ’em all back’  
meaning archaic words and there had been a fine old fellow  
named Furnivall and Dr Weir Mitchell collected

And the Franklin Inn club. . .

and young fellows go out to the colonies  
but go on paying their dues  
but old William was right in contending  
that the crumbling of a fine house  
profits no one  
(Celtic or otherwise)

nor under Gesell would it happen

As Mabel's red head was a fine sight  
worthy his minstrelsy  
a tongue to the sea-cliffs or 'Sligo in Heaven'  
or his, William's, old 'da' at Coney Island perched on an  
elephant  
beaming like the prophet Isaiah  
and J. Q. as it were aged 8 (Mr John Quinn)  
at the target.

'Liquids and fluids!'  
said the palmist. 'A painter?  
well ain't that liquids and fluids?' [To the venerable J. B.  
bearded Yeats]

'a friend', sd/ mr cummings, 'I knew it 'cause he  
never tried to sell *me* any insurance'

(with memorial to Warren Dahler the Chris Columbus of  
Patchin)

Hier wohnt the tradition, as per Whitman in Camden  
and an engraving 596 Lexington Ave.,

24 E. 47th,

with Jim at the chequer board by the banana cage  
'Funny looking wood, James,' said Aunt F.  
'it looks as if it had already been burnt'

[Windsor fire]

'Part o deh roof ma'am.'  
does any museum  
contain one of the folding beds of that era? .  
And now, why? Regents Park  
where was the maison Alma-Tadema

(with a fountain) or Leighton House  
 for that matter?  
 and the mass of preraphaelite reliques  
 in a trunk in a walled-up cellar in Selsey  
 'Tyke 'im up ter the bawth' (meaning Swinburne)  
 'Even Tennyson tried to go out  
 through the fire-place.'  
 which is what I suppose he, Fordie, wanted me to be able to  
 picture  
 when he took me to Miss Braddon's  
 (I mean the setting) at Richmond  
 But that New York I have found in Périgueux  
*si com' ad Arli*  
 in wake of the saracen  
 As the 'Surrender of Breda' (Velásquez)  
 was preceded in fresco at Avignon  
 y cavals armatz with the perpendicular lances  
 and the red-bearded fellow was mending his  
 young daughter's shoe  
 'Me Hercule! c'est nôtre comune'  
 ('Borr', not precisely Altaforte)  
 with such dignity  
 and at Ventadour and at Aubeterre  
 or where they set tables down by small rivers,  
 and the stream's edge is lost in grass  
 (Uncle George cd/ not identify the place on that road  
 because the road had been blown off the side of the mountain  
 but he climbed about 200 steps of the tower  
 to see what he had seen through the roof  
 of a barn no longer standing  
 sul Piave  
 where he had fired that howitzer

and the large eye that found him  
at its level was a giraffe's eye  
at dawn, in his nest, hunting leopards.

'The pose' he said 'is a taxidermist's fake  
the cobra is not a constrictor  
and would not wrap itself round the mongoose'  
But on the subject of terrapin  
would not believe they cd/ fly  
and the bishop brought action for libel  
(I think half a million but did not, finally,  
take the case into court)

by which time Uncle George was computing  
Volpe's kilowatt energy  
from the back of his neck as seen at the Lido Excelsior  
and in that year at Florian's Sir Ronald  
had said: the Negus is not a bad fellowe.  
In fact the milk-white doe for his cousin  
reminding me of the Bank of Egypt  
and the gold bars  
in old Menelik's palace and the mahogany counters  
and desk work in the branch in, was it, Alessandria  
put there by Pea (Enrico)

and wd/ Whitcomb Riley be still found in a highbrow anthology

Nancy where art thou?  
Whither go all the vair and the cislavons  
and the wave pattern runs in the stone  
on the high parapet (Excideuil)  
Mt Segur and the city of Dioce  
Que tous les mois avons nouvelle lune

• What the deuce has Herbiet (Christian)

done with his painting?

Fritz still roaring at treize rue Gay Lussac

with his stone head still on the balcony?

Orange, Fordie, Crevel too quickly taken

de mis soledades vengan

lay there till Rossetti found it remaindered

at about two pence

(Cythera, in the moon's barge whither?

how hast thou the crescent for car?

or did they fall because of their loose taste in music

'Here! none of that mathematical music!'

Said the Kommandant when Münch offered Bach to the

regiment

or Spewcini the all too human

beloved in the eyetalian peninsula

for quite explicable reasons

so that even I can now tolerate

man seht but with the loss of criteria

and the wandering almost-tenor explained to me:

well, the operas in the usual repertoire

have been sifted out, there's a reason

Les hommes ont je ne sais quelle peur étrange,

said Monsieur Whoosis, de la beauté

La beauté, 'Beauty is difficult, Yeats' said Aubrey Beardsley

when Yeats asked why he drew horrors

or at least not Burne-Jones

and Beardsley knew he was dying and had to  
make his hit quickly

hence no more B-J in his product.

So very difficult, Yeats, beauty so difficult.

‘I am the torch’ wrote Arthur ‘she saith’  
in the moon barge βροδοδάκτυλος Ἡώς

with the veil of faint cloud before her

Κύθηρα δεινὰ as a leaf borne in the current  
pale eyes as if without fire

all that Sandro knew, and Jacopo

and that Velásquez never suspected  
lost in the brown meat of Rembrandt  
and the raw meat of Rubens and Jordaens

‘This alone, leather and bones between you and τὸ πᾶν’  
[toh pan, the all]

(Chu Hsi’s comment)

or the bone *luz*  
as the grain seed and the biceps  
books, arms, men, as with Sigismundo

and of portraits in our time Cocteau by Marie Laurencin  
and Whistler’s Miss Alexander

(and the three fat ladies by Sargent, adversely)  
and somebody’s portrait of Rodenbach  
with a background  
as it might be L’Ile St Louis for serenity, under Abélard’s

bridges

for those trees are Elysium

for serenity

• under Abélard's bridges

πάντα ῥεῖ

for those trees are serenity

as he had walked under the rain altars

or under the trees of their grove

or would it be under their parapets

in his moving was stillness

as grey stone in the Aliscans

or had been at Mt Segur

and it was old Spencer (, H.) who first declaimed me the Odyssey

with a head built like Bill Shepard's

on the quais of what Siracusa?

or what tennis court

near what pine trees?

care and craft in forming leagues and alliances

that avail nothing against the decree

the folly of attacking that island

and of the force ὑπὲρ μόνον

with a mind like that he is one of us

Favonus, vento benigno

Je suis au bout de mes forces/

That from the gates of death,

that from the gates of death: Whitman or Lovelace

found on the jo-house seat at that

in a cheap edition! [and thanks to Professor Speare]

hast'ou swum in a sea of air strip

through an aeon of nothingness,

when the raft broke and the waters went over me,



his helmet is used for a pisspot  
this helmet is used for my footbath

Elpenor can count the shingle under Zoagli  
Pepitone was wasting toothwash  
as I lay by the drain hole  
the guard's opinion is lower than that of the  
prisoners

o.      t.      a.

Oh to be in England now that Winston's out  
Now that there's room for doubt

And the bank may be the nation's  
And the long years of patience  
And labour's vacillations

May have let the bacon come home,

To watch how they'll slip and slide  
watch how they'll try to hide  
the real portent

To watch a while from the tower

where dead flies lie thick over the old charter  
forgotten, oh quite forgotten  
but confirming John's first one,

and still there if you climb over attic rafters;  
to look at the fields; are they tilled?  
is the old terrace alive as it might be  
with a whole colony

if money be free again?

Chesterton's England of has-been and why-not,  
or is it all rust, ruin, death duties and mortgages  
and the great carriage yard empty

and more pictures gone to pay taxes

Immaculata, Introibo

for those who drink of the bitterness

Perpetua, Agatha, Anastasia

saeculorum

repos donnez à cils

senza termine funge Immaculata Regina

Les larmes que j'ai créées m'inondent

Tard, très tard je t'ai connue, la Tristesse,

I have been hard as youth sixty years

if calm be after tempest

that the ants seem to wobble

as the morning sun catches their shadows

(Nadasky, Ductt, McAllister,

also Comfort K.P. special mention

on sick call Penrieth, Turner, Toth hieri

(no fortune and with a name to come)

Bankers, Seitz, Hildebrand and Cornelison

Armstrong special mention K.P.

White gratia Bedell gratia

Wiseman (not William) africanus.

with a smoky torch through the unending

labyrinth of the souterrain

or remembering Carleton let him celebrate Christ in the grain

and if the corn cat be beaten

Demeter has lain in my furrow

This wind is lighter than swansdown

the day moves not at all

(Zupp, Bufford, and Bohon)

men of no fortune and with a name to come

When a dog is tall but  
not so tall as all that  
that dog is a Talbot

(a bit long in the pasterns?)

When a butt is  $\frac{1}{2}$  as tall as a whole butt  
That butt is a small butt

Let backe and side go bare  
and the old kitchen left as the monks had left it  
and the rest as time has cleft it.

[Only shadows enter my tent  
as men pass between me and the sunset,]  
beyond the eastern barbed wire  
a sow with nine boneen  
matronly as any duchess at Claridge's

and for that Christmas at Maurie Hewlett's  
Going out from Southampton  
they passed the car by the dozen  
who would not have shown weight on a scale  
riding, riding  
for Noel the green holly  
Noel, Noel, the green holly  
A dark night for the holly

That would have been Salisbury plain, and I have not thought of  
the Lady Anne for this twelve years

Nor of Le Portel

How tiny the panelled room where they stabbed him

In her lap, almost, La Stuarda

Si tuit li dolh ehl planh el marrimen  
for the leopards and broom plants

'Tudor indeed is gone and every rose,  
Blood-red, blanch-white that in the sunset glows  
Cries: 'Blood, Blood, Blood!' against the gothic stone  
Of England, as the Howard or Boleyn knows.

Nor seeks the carmine petal to infer;  
Nor is the white bud Time's inquisitor  
Probing to know if its new-gnarled root  
Twists from York's head or belly of Lancaster;

Or if a rational soul should stir, perchance,  
Within the stem or summer shoot to advance  
Contrition's utmost throw, seeking in thee  
But oblivion, not thy forgiveness, FRANCE.

as the young lizard extends his leopard spots  
along the grass-blade seeking the green midge half an ant-  
size

and the Serpentine will look just the same  
and the gulls be as neat on the pond  
and the sunken garden unchanged  
and God knows what else is left of our London  
my London, your London  
and if her green elegance  
remains on this side of my rain ditch  
puss lizard will lunch on some other T-bone

sunset grand couturier.

**Z**eus lies in Ceres' bosom

**LXXXI**

Taishan is attended of loves

under Cythera, before sunrise

and he said: Hay aquí mucho catolicismo—(sounded catolithismo)

y muy poco reliHion'

and he said: Yo creo que los reyes desaparecen'

(Kings will, I think, disappear)

That was Padre José Elizondo

in 1906 and in 1917

or about 1917

and Dolores said: Come pan. niño.' eat bread, me lad  
Sargent had painted her

before he descended

(i.e. if he descended

but in those days he did thumb sketches,  
impressions of the Velasquez in the Museo del Prado  
and books cost a peseta,

brass candlesticks in proportion.

hot wind came from the marshes

and death-chill from the mountains.

And later Bowers wrote: 'but such hatred,

I had never conceived such'

and the London reds wouldn't show up his friends

(i.e. friends of Franco

working in London) and in Alcazar

forty years gone, they said: go back to the station to eat  
you can sleep here for a peseta'

goat bells tinkled all night

and the hostess grinned: Eso es luto, haw!

mi marido es muerto

(it is mourning, my husband is dead)

when she gave me paper to write on  
with a black border half an inch or more deep,

say 5/8ths, of the locanda

'We call *all* foreigners frenchies'

and the egg broke in Cabranes' pocket,

thus making history. Basil says

they beat drums for three days

till all the drumheads were busted

(simple village fiesta)

and as for his life in the Canaries . . .

Possum observed that the local folk dance

was danced by the same dancers in divers localities

in political welcome . . .

the technique of demonstration

Cole studied that (not G.D.H., Horace)

'You will find' said old André Spire,

that every man on that board (Crédit Agricole)

has a brother-in-law

'You the one, I the few'

said John Adams

speaking of fears in the abstract

to his volatile friend Mr Jefferson

(to break the pentameter, that was the first heave)

or as Jo Bard says: they never speak to each other,

if it is baker and concierge visibly

it is La Rouchefoucauld and de Maintenon audibly.

'Te caverò le budelle'

.'La corata a te'

In less than a geological epoch

said Henry Mencken

'Some cook, some do not cook

some things cannot be altered'

'λυγξ. . . . 'εμὸν ποτί δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα

What counts is the cultural level,

thank Benin for this table ex packing box

'doan yu tell no one I made it'

from a mask fine as any in Frankfurt

'It'll get you offn th' groun'

Light as the branch of Kuanon

And at first disappointed with shoddy

the bare ram-shackle quais, but then saw the

high buggy wheels

and was reconciled,

George Santayana arriving in the port of Boston

and kept to the end of his life that faint *thethear*

of the Spaniard

as a grace quasi imperceptible

as did Muss the *v* for *u* of Romagna

and said the grief was a full act

repeated for each new condoleress

working up to a climax.

and George Horace said he wd/ 'get Beveridge' (Senator)

Beveridge wouldn't talk and he wouldn't write for the papers

but George got him by campin' in his hotel

and assailin' him at lunch breakfast an' dinner

three articles

and my ole man went on hoein' corn

while George was a-tellin' him,

come across a vacant lot

where you'd occasionally see a wild rabbit

or mebbe only a loose one

AOI!

a leaf in the current

at my grates no Althea

libretto

Yet

Ere the season died a-cold

Borne upon a zephyr's shoulder

I rose through the aureate sky

*Lawes and Jenkyns guard thy rest*

*Dolmetsch ever be thy guest,*

Has he tempered the viol's wood

To enforce both the grave and the acute?

Has he curved us the bowl of the lute?

*Lawes and Jenkyns guard thy rest*

*Dolmetsch ever be thy guest*

Hast 'ou fashioned so airy a mood

To draw up leaf from the root?

Hast 'ou found a cloud so light

As seemed neither mist nor shade?

Then resolve me, tell me aright

If Waller sang or Dowland played,

Your eyen two wol sleye me sodenly

I may the beauté of hem nat susteyne

And for 180 years almost nothing.

Ed ascoltando al leggier mormorio

there came new subtlety of eyes into my tent,

whether of spirit or hypostasis,

but what the blindfold hides

or at carneval

nor any pair showed anger



Saw but the eyes and stance between the eyes,  
colour, diastasis,  
careless or unaware it had not the  
whole tent's room  
nor was place for the full Εἰδώς  
interpass, penetrate  
casting but shade beyond the other lights  
sky's clear  
night's sea  
green of the mountain pool  
shone from the unmasked eyes in half-mask's space.

What thou lovest well remains,  
the rest is dross  
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee  
What thou lov'st well is thy true heritage  
Whose world, or mine or theirs  
or is it of none?

First came the seen, thus the palpable  
Elysium, though it were in the halls of hell,  
What thou lovest well is thy true heritage  
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee

The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.  
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man  
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,  
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.  
Learn of the green world what can be thy place  
In scaled invention or true artistry,  
Pull down thy vanity,

Paquin pull down!  
The green casque has outdone your elegance.  
'Master thyself, then others shall thee beare'

Pull down thy vanity  
Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,  
A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,  
Half black half white  
Nor knowst'ou wing from tail  
Pull down thy vanity

How mean thy hates  
Fostered in falsity,

Pull down thy vanity,  
Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity,  
Pull down thy vanity,  
I say pull down.

But to have done instead of not doing  
this is not vanity

To have, with decency, knocked  
That a Blunt should open

To have gathered from the air a live tradition  
or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame  
This is not vanity.

Here error is all in the not done,  
all in the diffidence that faltered.

W

LXXXII

hen with his hunting dog I see a cloud  
'Guten Morgen, Mein Herr' yells the black boy from the jo-cart  
(Jeffers, Lovell and Harley  
also Mr Walls who has lent me a razor  
Persha, Nadasky and Harbell)

Swinburne my only miss  
and I didn't know he'd been to see Landor  
and they told me this that an' tother  
and when old Matthews went he saw the three teacups  
two for Watts Dunton who liked to let his tea cool,  
So old Elkin had only one glory

He did carry Algernon's suit case *once*  
when he, Elkin, first came to London.

But given what I know now I'd have  
got through it somehow. . . Dirce's shade  
or a blackjack.

When the french fishermen hauled him out he  
recited 'em

might have been Aeschylus  
till they got into Le Portel, or wherever  
in the original

'On the Alcides' roof'  
'like a dog. . . and a good job  
ΕΜΟΣ ΠΟΣΙΣ . . . ΧΕΡΟΣ

"                                hac dextera mortus  
                                      dead by this hand  
believe Lytton first saw Blunt in the bull ring

as it might have been brother Packard  
and 'our brother Percy'

Basinio's manuscript with the  
greek moulds in the margin

Otis, Soncino,  
the 'marble men' shall pass into nothingness,  
Three birds on the wire

so requested Mr Clowes to sleep on the same  
and as to who wd/ pay for the composition  
if same were not used

(Elkin Mathews, my bantam)

After all' said Mr Birrell, 'it is only the old story  
of Tom Moore and Rogers'

Her Ladyship arose in the night  
and moved all the furniture

(that is her Ladyship YX)

her Ladyship Z disliked dining alone and

The proud shall not lie by the proud

amid dim green lighted with candles

Mabel Beardsley's red head for a glory

Mr Masfield murmuring: Death

and Old Neptune meaning something unseizable  
in a discussion of Flaubert

Miss Tomczyk, the medium

baffling the society for metaphysical research

and the idea tnat CONversation . . . . .

should not utterly wither

even I can remember

at 18 Woburn Buildings

Said Mr Tancred

of the Jerusalem and Sicily Tancreds, to Yeats,

'If you would read us one of your own choice  
and

perfect

lyrics'

and more's the pity that Dickens died twice  
with the disappearance of Tancred

and for all that old Ford's conversation was better,  
consisting in *res non verba*,

despite William's anecdotes, in that Fordie  
never dented an idea for a phrase's sake

and had more humanitas



jen

(Cythera      Cythera)

With Dirce in one bark convey'd  
Be glad poor beaste, love follows after thee  
Till the cricket hops

but does not chirrp in the drill field  
8th day of September

f f

d

g

write the birds in their treble scale

Terreus! Terreus!

there are no righteous wars in 'The Spring and Autumn'  
that is, perfectly right on one side or the other  
total right on either side of the battle line

and the news is a long time moving  
a long time in arriving

through the impenetrable  
crystalline, indestructible

ignorance of locality

The news was quicker in Troy's time  
 a match on Cnidos, a glow worm on Mitylene,  
 Till forty years since, Reithmuller indignant:  
 'Fvy! in Tdaenmarck efen dh' beasantz gnaw him,'  
 meaning Whitman, exotic, still suspect  
 four miles from Camden  
 'O troubled reflection  
 'O Throat, O throbbing heart'  
 How drawn, O GEA TERRA,  
 what draws as thou drawest  
 till one sink into thee by an arm's width  
 embracing thee. Drawest,  
 truly thou drawest.

and basilicum  
let the herbs rise in April abundant  
By Ferrara was buried naked, fu Nicolò  
e di qua di là del Po,  
wind: ἔμὸν τὸν ἄνδρα  
lie into earth to the breast bone, to the left shoulder

connubium terrae      ἔφατα πόσις ἐμός  
fluid ΧΘΟΝΟΣ, overflowed me  
lay in the fluid ΧΘΟΝΙΟΣ;  
that lie      ΧΘΟΝΟΣ, mysterium

under the air's solidity

drunk with ἸΧΩΡ of ΧΘΟΝΙΟΣ

fluid ΧΘΟΝΟΣ strong as the undertow

of the wave receding

but that a man should live in that further terror, and live

the loneliness of death came upon me

(at 3 P. M., for an instant)

δακρύων

ἐντεῦθεν

three solemn half notes

their white downy chests black-rimmed

on the middle wire

periplum

# LXXXIII

ὕδωρ

HUDOR et Pax

Gemisto stemmed all from Neptune

hence the Rimini has reliefs

Sd Mr Yeats (W. B.) 'Nothing affects these people  
except our conversation'

lux enim

ignis est accidens and,

wrote the prete in his edition of Scotus:

Hilaritas the virtue *hilaritas*

the qucen stitched King Carolus' shirts or whatever

while Erigena put greek tags in his excellent verses

in fact an excellent poet, Paris

toujours Pari'

(Charles le Chauve)

and you might find a bit of enamel

a bit of true blue enamel

on a metal pyx or whatever

omnia, quae sunt, lumina sunt. or whatever

so they dug up his bones in the time of De Montfort

(Simon)

Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel

and Uncle William dawdling around Notre Dame

in search of whatever

paused to admire the symbol

with Notre Dame standing inside it



Whereas in St Etienne  
or why not Dei Miracoli:  
mermaids, that carving,

in the drenched tent there is quiet  
sated eyes are at rest

the rain beat as with colour of feldspar  
blue as the flying fish off Zoagli  
pax, ὕδωρ "ΥΔΩΡ  
the sage  
delighteth in water  
the humane man has amity with the hills

as the grass grows by the weirs  
                   thought Uncle William   *consiros*  
as the grass on the roof of St What's his name  
           near 'Cane e Gatto'  
                   soll deine Liebe sein  
it would be about a-level the windows  
           the grass would, or I dare say above that  
           when they bless the wax for the Palio

Olim de Malatestis  
with Maria's face there in the fresco  
    . painted two centuries sooner,  
at least that  
before she wore it  
As Montino's  
in that family group of about 1820  
not wholly Hardy's material

or πάντα 'ρει

as he was standing below the altars  
of the spirits of rain  
'When every hollow is full  
it moves forward'  
to the phantom mountain above the cloud  
But in the caged panther's eyes:

'Nothing. Nothing that you can do . . .'

green pool, under green of the jungle,  
caged: 'Nothing, nothing that you can do.'

Δρυάς, your eyes are like clouds

Nor can who has passed a month in the death cells  
believe in capital punishment  
No man who has passed a month in the death cells  
believes in cages for beasts

Δρυάς, your eyes are like the clouds over Taishan  
When some of the rain has fallen  
and half remains yet to fall

The roots go down to the river's edge  
and the hidden city moves upward  
white ivory under the bark

With clouds over Taishan-Chocorua  
when the blackberry ripens  
and now the new moon faces Taishan

one must count by the dawn star  
Dryad, thy peace is like water  
There is September sun on the pools

Plura diafana

Heliads lift the mist from the young willows  
there is no base seen under Taishan  
but the brightness of 'udor ὕδωρ  
the poplar tips float in brightness  
only the stockade posts stand

And now the ants seem to stagger  
as the dawn sun has trapped their shadows,  
this breath wholly covers the mountains  
it shines and divides  
it nourishes by its rectitude  
does no injury  
overstanding the earth it fills the nine fields  
to heaven

Boon companion to equity  
it joins with the process  
lacking it, there is inanition

When the equities are gathered together  
as birds alighting  
it springeth up vital

If deeds be not ensheaved and garnered in the heart  
there is inanition

(have I perchance a debt to a man named Clower)

that he eat of the barley corn  
and move with the seed's breath

the sun as a golden eye  
between dark cloud and the mountain

'Non combaattere' said Giovanna  
meaning, as before stated, don't work so hard

don't

勿  
助  
長

as it stands in the Kung-Sun Chow.  
San Gregorio, San Trovaso  
Old Ziovan raced at seventy after his glories  
and came in long last  
and the family eyes stayed the same Adriatic  
for three generations (San Vio)  
and was, I suppose, last month the Redentore as usual

Will I ever see the Giudecca again?  
or the lights against it, Ca' Foscari, Ca' Giustinian  
or the Ca', as they say, of Desdemona  
or the two towers where are the cypress no more  
or the boats moored off le Zattere  
or the north quai of the Sensaria DAKRUON ΔΑΚΡΥΩΝ

and Brother Wasp is building a very neat house .  
 of four rooms, one shaped like a squat indian bottle .  
 La vespa, *la vespa*, mud, swallow system .  
 so that dreaming of Bracelonde and of Perugia  
 and the great fountain in the Piazza  
 or of old Bulagaio's cat that with a well timed leap  
 could turn the lever-shaped door handle  
 It comes over me that Mr Walls must be a ten-strike  
 with the signorinas  
 and in the warmth after chill sunrise  
 an infant, green as new grass,  
 has stuck its head or tip  
 out of Madame La Vespa's bottle

mint springs up again  
 in spite of Jones' rodents  
 as had the clover by the gorilla cage  
 with a four-leaf

When the mind swings by a grass-blade  
 an ant's forefoot shall save you  
 the clover leaf smells and tastes as its flower

The infant has descended,  
 from mud on the tent roof to Tellus,  
 like to like colour he goes amid grass-blades  
 greeting them that dwell under XTHONOS ΧΘΟΝΟΣ  
 ΟΙ ΧΘΟΝΙΟΙ; to carry our news  
 εἰς χθονίους to them that dwell under the earth  
 begotten of air, that shall sing in the bower  
 of Kore, Περσεφόνεια  
 and have speech with Tiresias, Thebae

Cristo Re, Dio Sole

in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a day she has made her adobe  
(la vespa) the tiny mud-flask

and that day I wrote no further

There is fatigue deep as the grave.  
The Kakemono grows in flat land out of mist  
    sun rises lop-sided over the mountain  
    so that I recalled the noise in the chimney  
as it were the wind in the chimney  
    but was in reality Uncle William  
downstairs composing  
that had made a great Peeeeeacock  
    in the proide ov his oiye  
    had made a great peeeeeeeecock in the . . .  
made a great peacock  
    in the proide of his oyyee

proide ov his oy-ee  
as indeed he had, and perdurable

a great peacock aere perennius  
    or as in the advice to the young man to  
breed and get married (or not)  
    as you choose to regard it

at Stone Cottage in Sussex by the waste moor  
(or whatever) and the holly bush  
    who would not eat ham for dinner

because peasants eat ham for dinner  
despite the excellent quality  
and the pleasure of having it hot

well those days are gone forever  
and the travelling rug with the coon-skin tabs  
and his hearing nearly all Wordsworth  
for the sake of his conscience but  
preferring Ennemosor on Witches

did we ever get to the end of Doughty:  
The Dawn in Britain?  
perhaps not

(Summons withdrawn, sir.)  
(bein' aliens in prohibited area)  
clouds lift their small mountains  
before the elder hills

A fat moon rises lop-sided over the mountain  
The eyes, this time my world,  
But pass and look *from* mine  
between my lids  
sea, sky, and pool  
alternate  
pool, sky, sea,

morning moon against sunrise  
like a bit of the best antient greek coinage

und \*

Mir sagen

Die Damen  
Du'bist Greis,  
Anacreon

And that a Madonna novecento

ed/ be as a Madonna quattrocento  
This I learned in the Tirol

and as perfect  
where they paint the houses outside with figures  
and the deep inner courts run back triple

'Das heis' Walterplatz'  
heard in Bozen (Bolzano)  
and in my mother's time it was respectable,  
it was social, apparently,

to sit in the Senate gallery  
or even in that of the House  
to hear the fire-works of the senators  
(and possibly representatives)  
as was still done in Westminster in my time  
and a very poor show from the once I saw it)

but if Senator Edwards ed/ speak  
and have his tropes stay in the memory 40 years, 60 years?  
in short / the descent  
has not been of advantage either  
to the Senate or to 'society'

or to the people  
The States have passed through a  
dam'd supercilious era

Down, Derry-down /  
Oh let an old man rest.



# LXXXIV

8th October:

'Si tuit li dolh el plor

Angold τέθνηκε

tuit lo pro, tuit lo bes

Angold τέθνηκε

'an' doan you think he chop an' change all the time  
stubborn az a mule, sah, stubborn as a MULE,  
got th' eastern idea about money'

Thus Senator Bankhead

'am sure I don't know what a man like you  
would find to *do* here'

said Senator Borah

\* Thus the solons, in Washington,  
on the executive, and on the country, a.d. 1939

ye spotted lambe

that is both blacke and white

is yeven to us for the eyes' delight  
and now Richardson, Roy Richardson,  
says he is different  
will I mention his name?

and Demattia is checking out.

White, Fazzio, Bedell, *benedicti*

Sarnone, twb Washingtons (dark) J and M .

Bassier, Starcher, H. Crowder and  
no soldier he although his name is Slaughter

this day October the whateverth      Mr Coxie  
 aged 91 has mentioned bonds and their  
    interest  
 apparently as a basis of issue  
 and Mr Sinc Lewis has not  
    and Bartók has left us  
 and Mr Beard in his admirable condensation  
 (Mr Chas. Beard) has given one line to the currency  
 at about page 426 'The Republic'  
 We will be about as popular as Mr John Adams  
 and less widely perused  
 and the he leopard lay on his back playing with straw  
 in sheer boredom,  
    (Memoirs of the Roman zoo)  
    in sheer boredom

Incense to Apollo

Carrara

snow on the marble

snow-white

against stone-white

on the mountain

and as who passed the gorges between sheer cliffs  
 as it might be by, is it the Garonne?

where one walks into Spagna

that Ho-Kien heard the old Dynasty's music

as it might be at the Peach-blossom Fountain  
 where are smooth lawns with the clear stream  
 between them, silver, dividing,

and at Ho Ci'u destroyed the whole town  
 for hiding a woman, Κύθηρα δεινὰ

and as Carson the desert rat said  
'when we came out we had  
80 thousand dollar's worth'  
( 'of experience' )  
that was from mining  
having spent their capital on equipment  
but not cal'lated the time for return  
and my old great aunt did likewise  
with that too large hotel  
but at least she saw damn all Europe  
and rode on that mule in Tangiers  
and in general had a run for her money

like Natalie

'perhaps more than was in it'

Under white clouds, cielo di Pisa  
out of all this beauty something must come,

O moon my pin-up,  
chronometer

Wei, Chi and Pi-kan

Yin had these three men full of humanitas (manhood)  
or Jin

Xaire Alessandro

Xaire Fernando, e il Capo,

Pierre, Vidkun,  
Henriot

and as to gradations  
who went out of industrials into Government  
when the slump was in the offing  
as against whom, prepense, got OUT of Imperial Chemicals

in 1938 •

so as not to be nourished by blood-bath?

quand vos venetz al som de l'escalina

ηθος gradations

These are distinctions in clarity

ming

明

these are distinctions

John Adams, the Brothers Adam

there is our norm of spirit

our

中

whereto we may pay our

homage

Saith Micah:

Each in the name of . . .

So that looking at the sputtering tank of nicotine and  
stale whisky

(on its way out)

Kumrad Koba remarked:

I will believe the American.

Berlin 1945

the last appearance of

in that connection

e poi io dissi alla sorella

della pastorella dei suini:

**e questi americani?**

**si conducono bene?**

**ed ella: poco.**

**Poco, poco. διὰ ὑπορβὰ**

**ed io: peggio dei tedeschi?**

**ed ella: uguale, through the barbed wire**

**you can, said Stef (Lincoln Steffens)**

**do nothing with revolutionaries**

**until they are at the end of their tether**

**and that Vandenberg has read Stalin, or Stalin, John Adams  
is, at the mildest, unproven.**

**If the hoar frost grip thy tent**

**Thou wilt give thanks when night is spent.**

